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THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1904.

No. 10

# THE MIRROR

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A  
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The Mirror

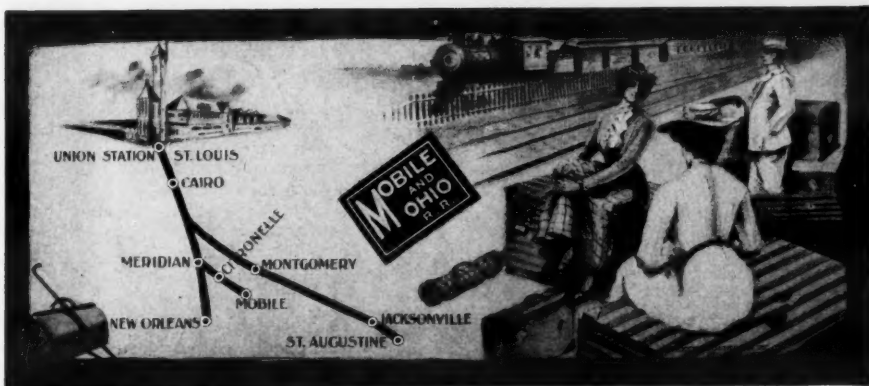


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ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1904.

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## The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## The Stampede to Mr. Folk

By William Marion Reedy

WRITING late Tuesday evening, it seems likely that Mayor Reed, of Kansas City, has carried Jasper county after a most hotly contested fight with Mr. Folk.

This is not particularly important, by itself; but it has some significance as showing that Mr. Folk's magic is powerless in a community that "knows what's what." Jasper is one of the great counties of the State. It is a county in which the people have not been left entirely under the influence of the metropolitan press. In Jasper the men who are "in the know" made an early and determined stand against the proposition that Mr. Folk was the only salvation of the party. It is a metropolitan, not a provincial community. It is a county wherein the intelligence of its people has not been caught by clap-trap and flub-dub such as has been put forth in Mr. Folk's behalf elsewhere. The vote Mr. Folk received was a handsome one, but the vote against him had other significances.

The Folk management shrewdly proceeded to carry first the smaller counties, hoping for a moral effect upon the larger ones holding later conventions. Jasper is the first big county that has been closely contested, and it lines up against the theory that the name of Folk is a hypnotic spell upon the people. The only other important county that has done the same thing is Randolph. Both are counties wherein the Democracy is organized. Both are counties wherein the disgruntled elements have not been allowed undisputed sway in the matter of absurd declarations and exaggerated accusations. The Democracy, as opposed to the revolutionary elements therein, has won out. Organization Democrats stood together and routed the opposition.

Jasper county is the stronghold of William H. Phelps, the Missouri Pacific lobbyist. Mr. Phelps was for Folk. Either Mr. Phelps has been wiped out, or Mr. Phelps' support of Mr. Folk was insincere. The lobbyist support of Mr. Folk, secured through fear of indictment, has been resented by the plain people of Jasper county, or the lobbyist support of Mr. Folk has concluded it has gone to the limit and has decided to quit. In whatever way we may estimate this alternative it is at least important, to those who wish to know how the great contest is to terminate, that the place whereat Mr. Folk was to have obtained, supposedly, the fullest benefit of the shrewdest political experience of the State, has gone against him. It is evident either that the people of Jasper county were "onto" Mr. Folk as a fakir, or that the lobbyist aid he has had in the minor counties, holding primaries heretofore, has withdrawn its support. In any event, the result constitutes a severe check to the Folk boom that was supposed to be sweeping all things before it. Mr. Folk's "cinch" is dissipated, evaporated. His opponent in this case has made good his claim that wherever the Democrats understood the issue, there Mr. Folk was destined to defeat. Mayor Reed has won a great victory, and one that must highly hearten

the advocates of Democracy of other than the Folk brand.

The moral effect of the Reed victory in Jasper, it may be said, offsets the effects of Mr. Folk's continuous series of victories in counties that may properly be said not to have been contested at all. Jasper was the first place in which Mr. Folk was confronted with an intelligent and vigorous opposition, headed by State Committeeman Barbee. It is the only county in which a good newspaper, the *Joplin Globe*, went to the trouble to controvert the fantasticalities of the St. Louis and Kansas City press in behalf of Mr. Folk. It is the first community in which the workingman as such has had a chance at the man who has won his successes by appeal to juries from which the workingman has been excluded. Jasper is the first place, outside of Randolph, where Editor Jewell fought the farce and fake of "reform," that has "heard the other side." Mr. Folk was fought in Jasper county solely upon the fact that the whole Democratic party was not corrupt, and the proof was held high against him that he was supported by the most eminent corruptionists in the State. There, the fanfaronade of "purity" had no effect. The purist who was the pet of "Bill" Phelps and "Con" Roach was recognized as bogus.

The anti-Folk victory in Jasper county is of great "moral" value in stopping the stampede to the Folk "band wagon." The check given the Folk movement should change the betting very materially. The event shows that when the Folk management is confronted with a really strong fight, "there's nothing to it" but defeat for Folk. Every place where there has been any opposition at all Mr. Folk has been "put out" or has been forced to contest with loud claims of fraud. Mr. Folk lost in the matter of mere tactics, to say nothing of any other alleged causes, in every one of the counties that appear in the "contested" list. Jasper is the forerunner of other great counties wherein Mr. Folk must face the fact that he has been running for Governor on the theory that his party has been hopelessly corrupt.

Mr. Folk is still a long way from having enough votes to secure his nomination. He has secured a goodly roll of votes that he may depend upon. He has "contested" everything he has not carried. He has an apparent lead. In the counties yet to be heard from, if there be any augury to be drawn from results in Jasper he cannot hope to win as his managers say, "hands down."

The result of the primaries up to date shows that Folk has but a scant lead over Mr. Hawes. The vote stands: Folk, 132; Hawes, 125, and Reed, 53. There still remain seventy-four counties to be heard from, and it is reasonable to suppose that the organization Democrats will be able to make as good a showing in the majority of them as they did in Jasper, the stronghold of Colonel Phelps. Many of the counties still to vote on the governorship displayed opposition



to Mr. Folk early in the campaign, and it was in these places Mr. Reed was conceded strong support. Now that Jasper has cast her vote against Folk and for Reed there is little doubt but that other counties will follow suit.

There are signs that the State organization has awakened at last to the necessity for action, and from now on the Folkites may expect determined opposition all down the line.

To secure the nomination the successful candidate must have 356 votes out of a total of 710. Thus far Mr. Folk has but a fraction more than one-third of the required number, with the stronger and more consistent Democratic sections of the State still to be heard from.

There is at present nothing to indicate that any of

the candidates intend to withdraw from the race. These reports concerning Mr. Hawes and Mr. Reed have emanated from Folk headquarters and were circulated in the hope of giving impetus to the stampede to Folk, which really hasn't even started as yet. Many persons are also looking to the advent of at least another candidate in the race. There will be none if present indications are reliable. Reports and rumors about Attorney-General Crow being in a receptive mood, like those concerning the withdrawal of Messrs. Reed and Hawes, have been circulated by Folk supporters who are anxious to make it appear that the Democratic organization seeks thus to encompass his defeat. Such stories indicate weakness on the part of the Folk managers and tend to show that they are not so confident of an easy victory. The hardest part of Folk's fight is still to come.

Asiatics, have been made at the dictation of politicians on the Pacific slope. Whether we will ever be able to secure their repeal it is impossible to say. They should be repealed in the interest of the development of the agricultural resources of the entire country." A large planter of Atlanta, J. B. S. Holmes, is widely quoted in Southern papers as saying: "I think the time has now arrived when a united effort should be made by every one, in the South particularly, where we are entirely dependent on negro labor, to get Congress to admit the Chinese." Another Georgia planter asserts that the importation of one hundred thousand Chinese coolies into his State "would be of the greatest possible benefit." Thus the Pacific Coast must fight two parties hereafter; the old one which desires easier regulations which will admit freely the merchant and the clerk; the new one which demands that the fence come down entirely. As to making the laws less stringent, says the *Argonaut*, fraud is rife now, and it takes all the ingenuity of the government officers to make exclusion effective. The Chinese is wily, and he can get through a very small crack. As to letting down the bars to the hordes—well, the South has had a devil of a time with the negroes, and "race war" is a favorite theme. What, with the unruly negro, the wily Chinese, and the degenerate offspring of their inevitable intermingling, the South is looking for trouble with a big spoon in the right pot. Within a very few years the Gulf States would have an enormous population of negroid Asiatics, the vilest hybrid that nature allows. And the *Argonaut* believes that the Coast, which is the first to suffer, should still dictate the policy of the United States regarding Chinese immigration. It stands on solid facts, and the South, to make an exceedingly perilous experiment, it claims, has no right to overturn the achievement of the years of dogged work.

## REFLECTIONS

### Cleveland's Endorsement.

JUDGE PARKER has been endorsed by Mr. Cleveland. That this endorsement will be relished by him is very doubtful. At least, it will not increase the Judge's chances of securing the nomination. Mr. Cleveland's words have already incited a violent eruption in Lincoln. They bid fair to damn Parker beyond all hope of redemption. Mr. Bryan will have none of Mr. Cleveland's protege. He considers him too closely affiliated with the Wall street plutocratic element. The ex-President continues to regard Mr. Bryan as a has-been, a contemptible nonentity. In this he makes a grievous, fatal mistake. The Lincoln man is still very much of a power in the Democratic party. There's about him the halo of the vanquished leader of a lost cause. Mr. Bryan may be a political ignis fatuus, still the fact cannot be ignored that only eight years ago the political theories for which he stood and fought received the approval of more than six millions of the country's voters. If politics is really nothing but a game of adroit, calculating opportunism, the enemies of Bryan show themselves singularly devoid of political discernment. Mr. Bryan will play a powerful part in the proceedings at the coming St. Louis convention. His opposition to Judge Parker foreshadows the latter's defeat. Besides, irrespective of all such considerations of the personal views of leaders, one may be allowed to ask: What has Judge Parker ever accomplished to deserve the Presidential nomination at the hands of the Democratic party? So far as my knowledge of his record goes, he is a perfectly negative quantity. His utterances do not rise above the dead level of conventional platitudes, and his character and personality do not seem to be such as to mark him out for signal success, and the Chief Executive of a nation. So far, everything tends to confirm the view that Judge Parker is regarded as available Presidential timber solely for the fact that he has not as yet done anything to attract the special attention of voters. That he could lead his party to success in 1904 is an utterly inadmissible proposition. Mr. Cleveland's Mephistophelian endorsement will not change the public's opinion of the qualities and availability of the Eastern Judge.



### The Chinese Question.

THE protest which Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, Chinese Minister to the United States, made to the State Department regarding the harsh treatment accorded

many of his countrymen who were present at St. Louis as part of the World's Fair has not only called forth an order to the government's officials to be more considerate in their treatment of visiting Chinese with proper passports, but reopened the entire Chinese immigration question, and will, no doubt, have a bearing on future consideration of the immigration act. This piece of legislation, which was designed to exclude Chinese of the undesirable class from the United States will become ineffective next December, and, no doubt, there will be determined efforts both to defeat and to reinforce its provisions. That the present Chinese Minister is alive to the importance of their recent mistreatment of prominent Chinese, as an argument against the exclusion act is quite apparent. That he will have some support in Congress in a fight on the exclusion act also seems probable. Scarcity of negro labor in the South has created a demand for Chinese which may drive the Southern delegations to the support of Sir Chentung Liang Cheng. That this phase of the question has already assumed large proportions is evidenced by some comments upon the labor situation taken from the San Francisco *Argonaut*. In the opinion of that excellent and representative weekly, now that the exclusion of Chinese labor has again become a question, the South is taking a hand against the Pacific Coast. The cotton planters and cane-growers say they must have cheap labor to replace the negroes who are drifting away from the farms into the cities. Instead of having to impress upon a rather indifferent East the urgency of its need, the Pacific must now face the very active opposition of a very influential section of country which demands at any expense the right to cheap contract labor. "North Carolina has lost a hundred thousand workers from the fields," says D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, and suggests diverting the tide of European immigration to the South. But the suggestion of Mr. Tompkins finds no echo among his fellow-planters. They see the short and easy way to wealth. Says one in the *Atlanta Constitution*: "I have long been convinced that if it were possible for us in the South to secure Chinese labor for our fields we would, through our cotton and other money crops, bring into the South at least ten dollars for every one that comes to us under the present conditions. Experience has shown that the Chinese are the most tireless workers on the face of the globe and the best." Later, this same gentleman touches the nub of his argument: "The present immigration laws, so far as they relate to

### A Postal Order Ignored.

By the way, has the future book operator resorted to the same tactics employed by the St. Louis get-rich-quick turf operators in order to keep open, and will there be another post office scandal growing out of this? With big future books operating, the suspicion grows that the Postal Department's order has had but little effect upon the proprietors. Who is backing the men who have the nerve to oppose the Federal authorities and how is it they can hang up prices and use the mail to receive wagers and send out lists of prices? Large sums of money are behind these books; and the business nets nearly 70 per cent profit. How is it the promoters are permitted to continue pocketing the public's coin on "dead ones," "laid up lobsters" and non-starters?



### Cochran's Phillipic.

BOURKE COCHRAN read the riot act, the other day in the House of Representatives. His pungent remarks upon the fundamental principles of Democratic government were both timely and illuminative. The eloquent New Yorker still believes in and defends the ancient, honorable principles of a century ago in regard to the necessity of a rigid maintenance of the independence of each one of the three departments of government. He plainly insinuated that in recent times Congress had been too submissive and the President too aggressively usurpative in attitude and action. No careful student of the political trend of things in this country can dispute the truth of Mr. Cochran's assertions. In the Panama affair President Roosevelt studiously and repeatedly assumed prerogatives which the Constitution has explicitly entrusted to Congress. In the issuing of the service pension order the Presidential usurpation of legisla-



tive power was equally bold and startling. This disposition to usurp authority belonging to Congress doubtless originates in Mr. Roosevelt's peculiarly impulsive nature, yet it is something that courts study and merits the strictures of all who still remain loyal to the sterling cardinal theories of representative government. Congress has the remedy in its own hand. By constant, earnest insistence upon its constitutional privileges, White House usurpation of legislative power should soon be checked. If Congress has lost in authority, if its well-defined sphere has been, and is being, invaded by the Chief Executive, it has only itself to blame. Usurpation of power should never be tolerated in this country. Its insidious advances, if uncurbed, will convert the Federal Constitution into an object inviting the sneers and contempt of political cynics.



## Post-Mortem Disclosures.

SULLY's late lamented cotton "deal" is now being inquired into by the courts. Sensational revelations are being made right along. It has been testified that the "corner" in cotton was nothing but a plain hold-up. The confederates in the "deal" kept no books. They had not even memoranda of their transactions. All they were after was the plunder, which they divided among themselves. And these were the parties who threw the world's cotton market out of joint and entailed enormous losses to manufacturers and workingmen! The speculative haunts in New York need prolonged fumigation. No wonder that Europeans have such a low opinion of the morality of American speculative leaders!



## The End.

SOME blood-eyed individual has been walking the streets of New York latterly and "gunning" for certain Wall street leaders, among them the imperturbable king of plungers, John W. Gates. The wouldbe assassin alleges that he has been mercilessly robbed in speculative transactions. Owing to his murderous propensities, he was promptly taken care of by the police. Such is the wind-up of the gambling saturnalia of the last five years. The thieves have fallen out among themselves, and their victims are either weeping by the rivers of Babylon or running at large in quest of vengeance.



## Arbitration Among Nations.

INTERNATIONAL arbitration is making headway. France, Italy and England have agreed on arbitration terms. Other nations are expected to follow their examples. This is decidedly better news than that now emanating from Port Arthur. It evidences that the world is growing better, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. But we must not be too hasty in our optimistic conclusions. The millennium of everlasting peace is still far off. For what guarantee have we that France and England will not resort to the *ultima ratio* of kings in case there should again arise a controversy between them involving a point of national honor? Arbitration works and sounds well in the offices of State Chancelleries, but is very apt ruthlessly to be swept aside by the mailed fist when a nation fights for its honor or considers its independence gravely endangered. Arbitration is popular with nations of equal power, but looked upon as foolish and useless by any government that deals with a weakling. *Vide* our late dispute with Colombia.



## The Fleecing of Tenants.

IN New York City tenants seem to be in much the same kind of a "stew" that they are in this burg. Recent strikes, advances in the prices of labor and

material, and the steadily inflowing tide of humanity from Europe have combined to put rents to an onerously altitudinous level. Conditions have reached that stage, where shrewd men find it profitable to carry on an active speculation in rent options on flats. This reminds me that the same sort of speculation is now being carried on also in St. Louis. The speculator rents a flat, and then sells the right to rent the flat to the highest bidder. Speculation like this tends, of course, to make a bad situation still worse. For the time being, no relief from the intolerable exactions of landlords appears to be in sight. Tenants have to pay the price of rent demanded, or else move somewhere else. Times like these should see a rapid multiplication of believers in the Single Tax theory. The convincing force of rent exaction is simply an irresistible argument in favor of putting all taxation upon land so as to make the monopolization thereof an impossibility.



## Perfidious Albion.

ENGLAND's expedition into Thibet constitutes a damnable outrage upon a peaceable and contented people. There isn't the least excuse for it, not even the most obviously conventional one. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, pleads only commercial reasons in his apology for the expedition. The verdict of civilized mankind will, and should, make short work of a bald and barren plea of this sort. The Thibetans had given no offence beyond the doubtful one of favoring China, their suzerain, in trade relations. They had violated no treaties or pledges, not even imaginary

ones. They had expressed a willingness to submit to an equitable adjustment of all matters in dispute. For this blameless and commendatory attitude they incurred the resentful greed of the English, who, without so much as a rude explanation, suddenly dispatched a strong military expedition onto "the roof of the world." A small force of native troops armed with prehistoric weapons offering feeble resistance, the brutal British commander promptly ordered them mowed down with machine guns. The machine gun is truly the piece de resistance of the British. Of course, the expedition will be a success. The native government is pitifully helpless, and the "bear that walks like a man" cannot come to the rescue, having himself the fight of his life on hand along the Yalu River. England's military move is an opportunely strategic one, but it constitutes, at the same time, a hideously cynic commentary on the sonorously Pecksniffian protests which London publicists were filing against the Kishineff massacre some time ago. English bad faith and smug hypocrisy are at their worst in this Thibetan affair.



## The Trading Stamp Trust.

It seems strange to me that the public continues to stand for the trading stamp game. Of all the get-rich-quick schemes ever operated, this is easily the worst. Unmolested for the past several years, its promoters have waxed rich at the business, and now have organized a trust to extend its ramifications. Trading stamps now go with everything, from an elephant to a beef-steak, or a collar button, and on all the public is paying the freight. The trading stamp purveyor sells his stamps to the retailer, who makes up the price on his sales. Furthermore, the prizes that are offered are not on the "square." Most of the articles are catalogued as of the best grades, but investigation reveals that all, or nearly all, are "culls," bearing flaws, which render them next to useless. The authorities should suppress or regulate the evil before the trust has milled the people for several more millions of dollars.



## A Legislative Pasquinade.

CONGRESS has passed an act providing that no passengers or merchandise shall be transported by sea, under penalty of forfeiture, between ports of the United States and the Philippines, directly or via a foreign port, or for any part of the voyage, except in United States vessels. This choice bit of legislation deserves careful pondering. For doesn't it read like a cynical pasquinade on the Declaration of Independence? Doesn't it inevitably call back to one's mind the infamous British Navigation Act of the early part of the eighteenth century? History is still repeating itself. The intelligent classes of Filipinos will not fail to draw the "deadly parallel" between this latest piece of protective, paternal legislation and the Declaration of Independence. But, then, wasn't the spirited colonial pronunciamento anything else but an interesting bit of political philosophy, the premises and conclusions of which have long since been committed to the limbo of exploded platitudes? District Attorney Jerome of New York long since declared himself to this effect.



## Crops and Wealth.

THE prospects for a good winter wheat crop are improving. Late rains have induced a wonderful change for the better in the estimates of statisticians. From Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas emanate highly gratifying reports. This is the kind of news that pleases the business world more than anything else could. Good crops means good business and good profits. The economic wealth of the country is drawn from the

# The Prohibition

By Dr. John Donne

TAKE heed of loving me;  
At least remember, I forbade it thee;  
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste  
Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,  
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;  
But so great joy our life at once outwears.  
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,  
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,  
Or too much triumph in the victory;  
Not that I shall be mine own officer,  
And hate with hate again retaliate;  
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,  
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.  
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,  
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too;  
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;  
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;  
Hate me; because thy love's too great for me;  
Or let these two, themselves, not me, decay;  
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be,  
Lest thou thy love and hate, and me undo,  
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

## The Mirror

soil, not from Wall street or from the banks. The man with the hoe is the real producer of real wealth. This may not be very obvious to the average man who toils in office or workshop, but it is a solid fact, nevertheless. We city-folk are all economic parasites, so to speak. We feed and prosper on what the husky tiller of the soil brings forth. The Wall street banker and broker, the railroad magnate, the great merchant and manufacturer, the professional man, the working classes, they all depend on the results of agricultural enterprise. Ask men like Messrs. Hill and Gould, and they will promptly tell you that without good crops the whole country would go "broke." Therefore, we may say that the humble plow that cuts the soil creates the wealth which the artistically engraved stock certificate afterwards represents. Magnificent wheat, corn and cotton crops were, in truth, the foundation of the recent years of prosperity. The proceeds from these crops put such an enormous amount of cash into our pockets that we were enabled to buy back hundreds of millions of American shares and bonds previously held by outlanders. If these fine financial results incidentally induced a precipitous movement of insane and disastrous speculation, we must blame the Wall street stock jobber and the "captains of industry and agriculture" for it. Wall street gambled on the wealth produced by the farmer, but did not add one farthing to it.



### *New York and Differentials.*

DIFFERENTIAL railroad rates continue to cause complaints and bad feeling in the East. New York has asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate into the differentials in favor of Philadelphia and Baltimore. It considers itself gravely prejudiced by the workings of these special rates. The export business of Philadelphia and Baltimore is growing rapidly, and it would seem, on first blush, at the expense of New York. It is alleged by the representative business men of the latter city that such would not be the case if the differentials were not in force. The Interstate Commerce Commission has promised to make the required investigation. From this distance, and in the absence of verified detailed information evidencing the truth of New York's charges, it would appear as though the Eastern metropolis were utterly astray in its diagnosis of its commercial ailment. It is recent radical changes in the transportation field which are chiefly responsible for the fast growth in the export trade of the two ports south of New York. The industrial and commercial development so strikingly noticeable of late years in the section below the old Mason and Dixon line found a powerful stimulus in the improvement and extension and consolidation of railroad lines. The Seaboard Air Line, the Southern, the Louisville & Nashville, the Central of Georgia, and various other smaller systems, have vastly increased their facilities and added to their equipment. As a consequence, they have been enlarging their revenues at an almost phenomenal ratio in the last four or five years. And then we must not forget the recent locating of numberless manufacturing enterprises in some of the Southern States, such as Virginia, Georgia and Alabama. Ten years ago, the cotton manufacturing industry in the South was hardly worth mentioning. To-day, it is of such importance as to incite serious concern among the manufacturers in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Immediate proximity to the plantations and cheaper labor must be regarded as the main factors making for the eventual supremacy of the South as a cotton manufacturing region. In addition to the cotton industry, we must also reckon with a growth in the Southern iron and steel trade that is little less than marvelous. The Birmingham, Alabama, iron district has entered into a rivalry of no neg-

ligible sort with the great producers at Pittsburg. The United States Steel Corporation has of late found a very disturbing and formidable trade factor in the Birmingham competition. All this astounding industrial growth, together with cheaper and better transportation facilities, necessarily had the effect of adding enormously to the shipping business of Southern Atlantic and Gulf ports. And as the years go by, and the South gradually emerges from its exclusively agricultural state, the business of its ports will grow at a corresponding ratio. The determined, zealous efforts of Mr. George J. Gould to extend his Wabash and Missouri Pacific systems to tide-water south of New York, notwithstanding all the numerous legal and political obstacles put in his way by the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt interests, clearly intimate the deep-seated conviction of that far-seeing railroad magnate that Baltimore has a great future before, and not behind it. Mr. Gould is now displaying the same splendid brand of shrewdly calculating enterprise that his feverishly active sire did when boldly pushing ahead in the Southwest. No matter what the Interstate Commerce Commission may decide or order at the end of its investigation, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other ports further South will continue to swell their foreign trade figures, because they are favored not by the artificial, but the natural laws of economics. New York should resign itself to the inevitable with grace and good humor, rather than evince jealousy and ill-will towards her sister cities. Philadelphia and Baltimore gain in trade for the same reasons that New Orleans and Galveston do. The latter two ports are steadily forging ahead in the volume of their wheat and flour exports. Why? Because they are most accessible to the grain-producing regions of the great West, and the railroads running to the gulf, in offering special facilities and attractive rates, are simply acting in thoughtful recognition of this fact, and the tendency resultant therefrom.



### *Outlook in Inaugural Races.*

THE feature race of the Kinloch and Union Jockey Clubs on the opening day, to-morrow, is the Inaugural handicap. The Kinloch event, at a mile, is for three-year-olds and upward. The entries and weights for the race, which is to be decided at the Fair Grounds have been issued, and declarations will be made to-day. Out of the fifty or more entries, it is believed that a field of about fifteen will face the starter. Every prominent horse in the race has support in the early betting on the event, Otis and Deutschland, particularly receiving attention. The wisecracks, however, do not like the package of 120 pounds on Otis, and many of them think it will kill his chances. Paul Whaley, carrying 115 pounds, appears to have the race cinched. In the Union Club's feature Paul Clifford, should he start, no doubt will take the big end of the stake.



### *St. Louis Race Track War.*

ST. LOUIS is in for a bitter race track war, unless all signs fail. For weeks the forces of the Union Jockey Club and those of the Kinloch, Delmar and Fair Grounds Associations have been girding their loins for the fray, and to-morrow, the opening day of the rival tracks—the Fair Grounds and Union—will see the purse strings of the contending parties thrown to the winds. A race track war may be a bad thing for the operators of the courses involved, but it is an event which the public generally, and the followers of racing particularly, look forward to with the keenest interest. It means generous, almost reckless, expenditure of big sums of money, and the circulation of the coin is an event in which all are interested. Money and brains are the only weapons

used in the contest, and the warrior with the longest purse and the greatest amount of gray matter will about knock the persimmon every time. As to the effect of the war on racing, it is far from deleterious; in fact, it is most beneficial. While it may reduce the earning capacity of the tracks, it compels more formful racing, a loosening up of the cinchy odds in the betting ring, and a liberal policy generally. To the bettor it means more chances of cashing, to the mere lover of racing, better entertainment, and to the horsemen more opportunities of earning the price of board and feed bills. In this particular war it is difficult to say how long it will last. The Union Club has a large amount of money behind it, and the Kinloch, Delmar and Fair Grounds are also backed by men of wealth, so that the fight will probably continue at least until the end of the season. All now depends upon the course Eastern horse owners take. Many of them have been expected to race at the new course, and if they all come, the Union Jockey Club will be enabled to race as long as its rivals. Already several thousands of dollars have been spent as a result of the fight, and much more must be spent before the battle is won or lost.



### *Speculative Buying and Selling.*

THE governors of the Bourse in Paris have adopted a rule prohibiting a la baisse operations, or the selling for the short account by the coulissiers. They based their action on the ground that short selling, that is, the selling of securities not held by the seller at the time of sale, is detrimental to legitimate trading and the true value of securities. They must have been studying some of our farmers' alliance resolutions. The new rule has provoked a veritable storm of indignant, vehement protest on the part of the majority of coulissiers. Most of the financial critics are likewise outspoken in their condemnation of the asinine rule. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the most eminent French authority on finance and speculation, considers the prohibition of short selling a serious blunder. He asserts that the recent sharp depreciation in French and international securities dealt in on the Paris Bourse was in nowise due to excessive bear operations. At the same time, he takes occasion earnestly to defend and justify selling for short account, and to point out to what grave consequences the existence and permission of trading on the buying or bull side only would lead. The thoughtful French economist is talking straight from the shoulder. That he is right in his advocacy of bear selling will not be doubted by any one who has the least practical knowledge of speculative markets and conditions. It is quite the popular penchant to criticise and vituperate the short seller. Only a few weeks ago, a certain farmers' union in this country condemned, and asked for the suppression of, short selling as prejudicial to the agricultural producer. This popular hostility to the bear trader is, of course, based on an utter misconception of the use of the short account. Suppose there were only one, that is, the bull side to the stock or wheat market. Now, as to buy is the predominant, almost irrepressible disposition of the average trader, where would the rise end? If everybody were buying Union Pacific common, and nobody allowed to sell it for short account, incidental liquidation would not suffice to keep the price of the shares from reaching the 500 mark. The critic of the bear always makes the mistake of judging of values by present conditions only. If he had any practical experience, he would realize that true speculation is based entirely on conjectures as to future developments. The shrewd bull buys because he thinks the probabilities of the future favor rising quotations. The vigilant bear sells because, in his opinion, the trend



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of things should, in the course of time, bring about a depreciation. The buying and selling in either of these two instances is incited by careful weighing of a number of factors and private individual conclusions. The buyer for long account and the seller for short account are doing the same thing that the speculative purchaser and seller of real estate do; they buy and sell for reasons sufficient to themselves. It is the same in the wheat market, where the miller thinks it advisable to "go short" of future options so as to guarantee himself against possible loss on spot purchases. The short seller cannot be dispensed with. His suppression would lead to widespread disaster. If there had been an extensive short interest in the

stock market at the time Northern Pacific common rose to 1,000, three years ago, the fall in values would never have assumed such startling, ruinous dimensions as it did. Bears selling should be regulated, so as to prevent piratical, dastardly operations on the part of conscienceless cliques, but never suppressed. Every market that is of one-sided character presages a collapse, and the more one-sided it is, the speedier and the more terrific the *debacle* and slaughter of values. The bull checks the bear, and *vice versa*. As long as we must have speculative markets, neither one nor the other should be put in a strait-jacket. Liberty of trading, according to honest business principles, means sound markets and sound values.

when night and dark commingle—when there shall be Heaven above and Heaven below. This Julian never understood and, therefore, sacrificed his soul to the Olympian divinities in vain.

The anticipated kingdom of Merejkovski's heroes reminds us of that which Ibsen has described to us. In speaking of him who is to introduce this kingdom, *Maximus* says: "He will come down like lightning from the cloud,—illuminative and death-dealing. In him shall be good and evil, pride and humility. Mankind shall bless him, not solely for his mercy, but likewise for his pitilessness, in which strength shall be joined to beauty."

An imperial dreamer who fain would have been "over-man," a restless, sadly joyous lover of beauty, was Julian the Apostate of history. He failed when strength and courage forsook him. He dies in an empty, dreary world, from which the gods have fled.

The basic problem of "The Resurrection of the Gods" is of striking similitude to that of "The Death of the Gods." As afore intimated, Leonardo da Vinci is the hero of this second work of Merejkovski. His was an imposingly complex personality. To his disciples he appeared already as a type of the Nietzschean "over-man." "To-day," we read, "he is a child of hell, to-morrow one beloved, of God. He is a two-faced Janus, one face being turned to Christ, the other to Antichrist. Try to determine which is the true and which the false face? Or are both true?" As Leonardo sets about pictorially to represent Christ, he thinks of the synthesis of the two faces which oppose, and, at the same time, resemble each other. Upon the one is depicted the unforgettable expression of human suffering and helplessness. It is the face of Him who prayed for a miracle upon the Mount of Olives. The other face is stern and strange; it is the face of the Almighty, the All-Knowing, the Incarnate Word,—of the Creator.

However, and despite all his greatness, Leonardo is not a dual god, although he towers head and shoulder above his contemporaries chronicled in history. Too firmly he stands upon the intellectual and moral basis of his age, and, for this reason, his intense, ever-present desire to wing his way to divine spheres proves impotent. He meets Macchiavelli. "In this strange personality, which always longed to do deeds, and yet was incapable of execution, who was so mighty in thought and yet so weak in practical life, who was like a swan upon dry land, Leonardo instinctively recognized himself."

Leonardo endeavors to find harmony, the solution of the riddle of the Sphinx, in art, in philosophy, in the life around him. He jots down in his diary the famous words of Seneca: "In every human being we find God and the beast of prey joined together." The full significance of human life he finds in the ceaseless conflict of the two antitheses in the human heart. Love he regards as the daughter of knowledge. The more certain the latter, the more ardent is the former.

Leonardo was the grand knowing one of his time. It is only since the careful collection and interpretation of his manuscripts that we have been given anything like an adequate conception of the brilliant genius of this wonderful, many-sided man. We now know that he had a masterful, comprehensive knowledge of literature and sciences. The great painter and sculptor was well-grounded in geology, anatomy, botany, physiology and music. He, and not Francis Bacon, was the real father of inductive science. His pantheism was based upon the natural law of motion.

This titanic intellect, who knew so much, and yet accomplished so little in his time, this Italian brother of *Faust*, as Michelet, the French writer, once so aptly characterized him, is portrayed by Merejkovski

## Dimitri Merejkovski's

## Two Great Books

By Francis A. House

A SLAV writer of unusual brilliance of thought and fancy is Dimitri Seergevitch Merejkovski. About a year has now elapsed since his two completed works of historic-biographic fiction—"The Death of the Gods" (Julian the Apostate), and "The Resurrection of the Gods," (Leonardo da Vinci)—became the subjects of extended critical discussion and the delight of thousands of readers qualified to appreciate true artistry in writing and essential originality in the discussion of matters of historic philosophy.

Merejkovski is an aristocrat of the intellect. He is a complete and striking antithesis of Maxime Gorki, who wails and rails in bitter, cynical, plebeian pessimism. He composes colorful symphonies having for their leading theme the ancient, anguishing aspirations of human kind to reach and resemble the gods. In more than one respect, he is a faithful disciple of the self-centered, world-estranged Dostojevski and Nietzsche, whose salient ideas we meet ever and anon in his gorgeously written pages.

The two works above referred to are historic paintings exquisitely executed, of unique beauty and of absorbing interest and significance. They well bear reading again and again. They cannot be readily classed as fiction. They are truly singular and unparalleled in conception and development, and give plain evidence that the author went to original, authentic sources in critically studying the characters, scenes and incidents depicted by his pen. He does not hesitate to make copious use of the results of investigations of others. Admirable is the dextrous art with which he makes his transition from truth to fiction. He betrays an adaptability to, and an understanding of, the spirit of past ages that has seldom, if ever, been surpassed. The two books must be regarded as biographies conceived through the delicate imagery of a poet's mind. *Dichtung and Wahrheit* are blent; they become one. The apparently contradictory becomes intelligibly harmonious. In this must be found the keynote, the fundamental idea of Merejkovski's art.

The character and ideals of Julian the Apostate are known to us from history. Edward Gibbon, David Strauss, and, of recent days, Gaetano Negri, have interestingly portrayed him. Henrik Ibsen, too, has limned the personality of the ideal-haunted Caesar with impressively plastic art. In Merejkovski's book,

the tragic figure of the emperor is, perhaps, somewhat eclipsed by a bewildering multitude of people and a kaleidoscopic change of scenes. We are in hovel and palace, on battle fields and in basilicas. And all is so life-like, so palpitantly true, so responsive to evocative emotion.

The history of Julian is that of a God-seeker. When still a boy, he dreamed of the eternal home of the gods, of the native home of all those who love the nostalgia of beauty. Julian's yearning after God is naught else but the yearning after perfection. "All worlds," we read, "all stars, oceans and continents, animals and plants, likewise men, are but dreams of the nature of God." Julian seeks for consoling truth, for the secret of salvation, in all the multifarious rites and mysteries of the religious cult of pagan Rome. They acquaint him with the riddle of the God to come, with the ancient prophecies and doctrines of the God-sent Messiah. But he utterly scorns the new school of salvation. He laughs contemptuously at all those who long and seek for only one truth. "Are there not two?" he asks. "Serve either Arhiman, or Ormuzd, but fail not to bear in mind that the world of the devil is like to that of God."

The two ways, that of the Galilean and that of Prometheus, are bound ultimately to meet. The highest wisdom declares: "You must not believe, but know!" And how shall the spiritual hopes of man be finally realized? In this: That the truth of the Titan shall become one with the truth of the Galilean. In that way, and in that way only, shall men become gods.

Of profound meaning are the words in which *Maximus of Ephesus* addresses Julian: "One can believe only that which is not, but shall be. Thy Hellenic kingdom, owned by God-like, free and fearless men, shall rise." It is for this eschatologic kingdom of the future that Julian fights and falls, after having forsaken the Olympians as well as the Nazarene.

In Merejkovski's second book, "The Resurrection of the Gods," the mysterious witch, *Kassandra*, strives to explain Julian's fateful failure. The emperor, she says, was egregiously wrong in his religious philosophy. He was in possession of only half the truth. He had forgotten the prophecy of the Titan,—that the resurrection of the gods shall be then only

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with splendid artistry and subtle, critical insight. Vasari, the anonymous *"Breve vita,"* and Lomazzo, appear to have furnished the Russian with most of the necessary material in making Leonardo's character-photograph.

In the same book we are introduced to Cæsar Borgia, Alexander VI, Leo X., Michelangelo, Raphael, Savonarola and various other historic personages of that stirring, stressful age.

In these two books, Merejkovski has given us exquisite literary work in mosaic. He is a pronounced impressionist. He is almost morbidly, decadently supersensitive to the most delicate nuances and perfumes. In his somewhat excessive massing of detail he recalls the laboriously imaginative Zola. His literary work is not masculine in all its parts; occasionally it is distinctly effeminate in its soft sensuousness. Yet it stands for true art.

It may be added here that Merejkovski contemplates concluding his trilogy of fiction with an historic novel which is to be a sort of apotheosis of Peter the Great, of whom he is known to be an enthusiastic admirer.

Owing to his liberal views on religion and politics, Merejkovski has never been *persona grata* in Russian bureaucratic circles. The small, delicate-looking man, with the pale, thin face, and the calm, inquisitive eyes, is said to be rather friendly to revolutionary ideals and movements. At one time he actively sympathized with Nihilism.

In his heart of hearts he is deeply religious. To an intimate friend he recently said: "*On peut très bien être en même temps libéral et religieux: moi, j'aime la religion*" (one can very well be liberal and religious at the same time; as for me, I love religion.)"

work a dozen times a day by telephone calls on matters of trivial import.

These little taxes we pay for the privilege of living in the Age Wonderful we ought, doubtless, to accept with cheerfulness—but do we? It is popular to eulogize the age, nor to admit rifts in the lute—flies in the ointment—flaws in the vase—except at such times as they come in *our* way; yet really, are smugness and braggadocio any prettier traits in a race or an era than in an individual?

Mrs. Browning hits it off well in the ensuing stanzas from "Lady Geraldine's Courtship:"

"Why, what is this patient entrance into Nature's vast resources  
But a child's most gradual learning to walk upright without bane?  
When we drive out from the cloud the steam majestic white horses,  
Are we greater than the first men, who led black ones by the mane?"

"If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,  
If we wrapped the globe intensely in one hot electric breath,  
'Twere but power within our tether—no new spirit-power comprising,  
And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death."

## The Disadvantages of Being Civilized

By Elizabeth Waddell Martin

CERTAIN old countryman, of whom, perhaps, most of us have heard, objected to the term "civil war," on the ground that it never was, and could not, in any circumstance, be civil to blow out your neighbor's brains, and lay waste his territory. Placing this limit on the force of the word "civil," our word "civilization" becomes something of a misnomer. It's little time we have under pressure of latter day conditions to be truly civil to each other. This, of course, is a small matter to a modern. It is inconsequent that we have no room for the higher social amenities, and that the twentieth century is incapable of producing a Chesterfield, and that after all these ages of Christian enlightenment the ethical standards of the foreworld do still largely prevail, and might makes right and the big overrides the little. It is but a light thing if our civilization does not civilize—i. e., make civil, but if our modern conveniences do not convenience, the case is serious.

There are drawbacks greater or less in all degrees of civilization. When our first parents first affected the fig-leaf costume, they necessarily burdened themselves with the tasks of designing, fitting and sewing. The wearing of clothes and the cooking of food have always consumed time which might have been employed in high and altruistic labors. The more complex the civilization, the greater the amount of time lost. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind," and the more "things" we have, the worse are we ridden. The automobile rides the man, so to speak, before ever the man rides the automobile. It rides him first, in the days of his impecunious longing, as a tantalizing dream of luxury, and it rides him much more literally in the days of his apprenticeship as a chauffeur.

As for our cookery, we are continually studious to make two new-fangled dishes grow where one grew before, and at the same time as a more or less direct result of our modern enlightenment, we are in desperate straits in our homes to find anyone who is willing to prepare them for us.

The primitive civilizations which depended for their maintenance solely on the overflow and subsistence of the Indus and the Nile, had a stable means of subsistence compared to the laborer of to-day who

must beg not one, but two or ten thousand of his "brothers of the earth to give him leave to toil." Labor has become too much enlightened to submit without protest to the oppression of capital, but behold, it has toppled over beneath the opposite tyranny of the walking delegate.

Formerly, people had not more books than they were able to get into their heads "without clubs." Now, we must have other people to select our reading matter for us, or get hopelessly bogged in a quagmire of literature. We must depend, therefore, on the garbled accounts of reviewers, and the too-interested reports of the publishers and booksellers; the taste of the compilers of popular "libraries," each with his pet theory to exploit or his pet authors to boom, and as a last straw, the confusingly variable if always authoritative lists of the one hundred best books. And withal we must read, whether we want to or not, the prescribed number of volumes laid out for us as the leading books of the year. The tyranny of "fashion" vulgarly so called, is nowhere near so exacting as the tyranny of pseudo-culture; for indeed, pseudo-culture is a fashion, or rather a fad, and the frothiest kind of fad at that. The blind following of a blind leadership in the matter of what we read, is a worse enslavement than the being dictated to as to what we shall wear; just as much worse as the disfranchisement of the mind is worse than that of the body.

It is a question if the telephone and rapid transit "facilities" (?) do not cost us as much in worry and nerve-strain as they save in time—only nerve-strain is a thing that goes for so little in the present stress that one really can't afford to count it at all. Not only do we lose time and temper in howling about the "miserable service," anathematizing the hello girl and the street car company and all its employees, but we consume patience and nerve-force incalculable in waiting for and catching cars, and injure our health and dispositions by the habit of sitting in their reeking atmosphere, or standing in it with a fat individual bearing hard on our most egregious and tender corn, when we might be taking an occasional—or possibly with profit an habitual—health-giving walk in the open air. And we submit to being hindered in our

Our forefathers, for instance, solved the good roads problem by following a calf path through the woods, and the unerring bovine instinct to discover the most facile route. Any old farmer—and this is meant neither for slang nor for a slur on farmers, but merely to indicate that a *young* farmer cannot know anything about it—any *old* farmer will tell you that the primitive roads that cut off angles and wound around hills and stretched themselves along the ridges were better roads than the ordinary, section-line, dirt-highway of the present. What was lost in directness was gained in quality of road-bed, and the finding of roads almost ready-made along the lines of least resistance was a great saving of time, labor and public funds.

There is a pathetically memorable story of a man who was subjected to the torture of a red-tape regime for hours in a modern hospital, while the mother he sought to see lay dying in one of its wards. So hard it is to remember that the machine is made for the man and not the man for the machine.

It takes longer to exchange a five-cent spool of silk for a ten-cent one of a different color in one of the great department stores, than to buy a big bill of goods at the old-fashioned dry goods establishment.

The ultimate test of any civilization is its human product—its power of producing the best possible individual, and having produced him, of preserving him in reasonable safety. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," yet he who has most can no more purchase security for himself than he who has least. The one seeking recreation at his favorite theater, the other slaving at the black bottom of a mining shaft, are both as much at the mercy of the forces of nature, as much in the power of the *Âte* of Accident as ever was the primitive man.

It is not required of mankind, doubtless, to work miracles. Yet might there not be devised some more adequate protection against nature's morbid manifestations of wind and flood and frost and flame—achievements not one whit more wonderful than many that have been made in turning the same forces into dollars and cents? As it is, there are hundreds of inventions for spurring on the work whereby the dollars are made, to one for securing the safety of the individual laborer while at his toil. How few new inventions that are not in themselves engines of de-



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struction! The overland route slew its thousands, but the modern railway has slain its tens of thousands. The Hindoo has one car of Juggernaut; but we have both the trolley car and the automobile. Darius and Alexander were debarred from adjusting their little difficulties over the long distance; but not one of their subjects was menaced by the swift destruction of the live wire.

By a process of amalgamation, each race has acquired the special diseases—as it has the national dishes—of every other. To which dire sum-total we add the deadly malady called Surgical Operation.

"When goods are increased, they are increased that eat them," says Solomon; but Solomon, for all his wisdom, was not gifted with prophetic vision, and knew nothing at all about the tendency of twentieth century conditions. A later sage, almost as wise a fool in his province as Solomon in his, has pertinently remarked,

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

What with ever-increasing crimes and casualties

taking out at the top, and race suicide, child labor and over-education taking out at the bottom, the writhing mass of humanity in the one scale pan seems gradually to rise as the hoarded gold and accumulated things in the other, sink.

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? What has our material prosperity done for us, if we are just as abject as ever before the forces of nature, just as much at the mercy of the boll weevil, just as dependent on sunshine and rain for our crops? What has our vaunted culture profited, if of necessity the market reports do move us more than the rhapsodies of the poets? What boots it to talk over thousand leagues of space without wires, if we have only or chiefly wars and disasters to tell of? And what matter all our wealth, all our philosophy, all our enlightenment, if in the last extremity, having put off the evil hour for us as long as may be, they do not make us face with a calm hope and resignation far removed from a dogged foolhardiness, that Fact, which if it mean nothing more than the end of all, is proof positive that all has been in vain—the solemn and tremendous fact of Death?

but that is not saying that it is not much better to have two hands than one.

Our Lord inculcates renunciation here simply as a corrective. A religion whose guiding principle was renunciation would be an esoteric cult, fit only for the select few who are gifted with exceptional powers of spiritual imagination, and who desire by withdrawal from the world to increase those powers to the utmost,—in Milton's phrase, "a cloistered virtue." Such men, we are sure, would have been regarded by the Apostles as savorless salt, of little use for the salvation of society. As a matter of fact, renunciation is not taught in the New Testament, as a principle of life, at all. The religious men of Christ's day—such men as the followers of John the Baptist—were amazed that He made no attempt to withdraw Himself from the common life around Him. He dined with all sorts of people, and when specially questioned on the typical form of renunciation called fasting, He defended His Disciples, who were accused of avoiding it. Life, He seems to suggest, offers occasions enough for renunciation; they need not be sought; and He does not intimate that these occasions will bring any sort of joy, but, on the contrary, the sort of pain which makes a man forget to eat his bread. "Can the children of the bridechamber mourn; as long as the bridegroom is with them? but the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast." As to happiness, the New Testament gives no definite receipt for it. Cheerfulness is enjoined, and Christ deprecates a "sad countenance" as tending to hypocrisy, and condemns the slovenliness of manner and appearance which depression is sometimes considered to excuse. "When thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast." St. Paul repeatedly counsels his readers to "rejoice." On the other hand, he tells them to weep with those that weep, and has evidently no specific to suggest which will secure any one against the troubles of life. Probably he would have agreed with George Eliot that "our good depends on the quality and breadth of our emotion." We think, however, that the sentences we have quoted would seem to imply that happiness, in the ordinary sense of the word, is a good thing, and is to a great extent within our own control. No doubt it depends a good deal upon circumstances. There are conditions under which no one could well be happy, and conditions under which no one could well be anything else. But life is not made up of these extremes. There are in almost every life many long, indifferent years in which a man can "make himself happy" or not, as he chooses. Almost immediately after his injunction to rejoice St. Paul advises his readers to keep their minds fixed as far as possible upon what is wholesome and pleasant, upon virtue and praise, and whatsoever is just, pure and lovely. Perhaps he intended this advice as a help to the carrying out of his former command.

Religious "freedom" was evidently to St. Paul an absolute necessity to any desirable mental condition. The joy of freedom and the burden of servitude are continually in his thoughts. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," he declares; and he is aware how easily that liberty may be encroached upon, even among the faithful, and urges the stronger spirits in the Church to stand out for it. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Christianity makes no attempt to break, but merely to bend, the will of man. There is no warrant in the New Testament for any man to immure himself within spiritual walls. It offers no refuge for those who dread pain and temptation to such an unmanly extent that they will shirk responsibility, and forswear sympathy, and forego liberty that they may attain security.

## The Philosophy of Renunciation

THE present writer has lately been reading a book by a Roman Catholic writer—the author of "The Catholic Church from Within"—entitled "A Short Cut to Happiness." "Happiness is," according to the writer of the preface, Father Maturin, who is in complete agreement with the author, "the conscious or unconscious end for which every one lives, be he good or bad, be his end Heaven or earth." And the way to this happiness is by renunciation. The best man in the world, he believes, if he told the truth, would grant you that "his whole life is controlled by what appears to be the subtlest form of self-interest, the desire for happiness." A man who practises renunciation as the first principle of his existence will be able to assert that he has found happiness,—a happiness that wells up within him independent of all circumstances, and only faintly clouded by all life's sorrows and sufferings." These are very fine sentiments, so fine that the ordinary man will be likely to lay the book down feeling that such teaching is a counsel of perfection and altogether out of his reach. But is it true, after all? And does it represent so much higher an ideal than that of the ordinary run of good people, who see no reason to renounce anything that is not wrong except for the evident benefit of some one else?

A happiness which prevents a man from being touched by the sorrows of life is surely only a pious name for callousness, and the renunciations which could bring about such a condition are not desirable. Here is a like description by Molinos of the state of "blessed and sublimated souls" who have arrived by renunciation at happiness: "They take no pleasure in anything in the world but in contempt, and in being alone, and in being forgotten and forsaken by everybody. There is no news that affects them, no success that makes them glad." Such an ideal, it seems to us, can hardly be called Christian at all; and this happiness is little better than the numbness produced by a spiritual drug. Renunciation alone, we are prepared to maintain, never made "a full man." As a corrective and an expedient it is of value; but as a guiding principle of life we believe it to be pernicious. It

makes for happiness and for perfection exactly in proportion as it makes for freedom, for renunciation can both enfranchise and enslave. Take the case of a man who is naturally temperate in all things, and is accustomed to self-control. What need is there for such an one to renounce his freedom, and by an effort of will deny himself the harmless delights of the world in which he lives? To take a small instance of what we are saying, why should a man who never injures his health with alcohol take the pledge?—unless, of course, he does so in order to help and encourage others, when his object is not renunciation in order to obtain happiness for himself, but the setting an example to others. He is simply curtailing his own freedom. On the other hand, if a man inherits or has developed vicious tendencies which destroy his moral liberty, his only chance of regaining his freedom, and with it peace of mind and lightness of heart, is by renunciation. "All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any," said St. Paul; and no doubt there are still tyrannical devils which go not out but by prayer and fasting. But the better a man is the less need he has to renounce in the interest of self. Christianity teaches perfection, not renunciation; and it is astonishing that a mixture of Stoic and Buddhist philosophy but lightly gilded with Christian technical terms should be so widely accepted as part of the Christian faith, for, unfortunately, many persons who have no intention of practising any form of asceticism keep at the back of their minds a suspicion that, after all, it is of the essence of Christianity. This lurking belief gives color to the notion that the ideal of Christ is too lofty even to be aimed at except by extraordinary natures, a notion which is a prolific parent of indifferentism. But it may be said,—Did not Christ say: "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire?" Certainly He said so; but that is just what we have been maintaining. It is much better to be maimed and good for something than whole and good for nothing;

# The Moral of It

## A Racing Story

By W. B. Finney.

THE story of Bank-Cashier Blair, who stole the bank's money to play the races, lost it, shot himself, and thereby made a sensation, contains a moral which was very obviously exploited.

Sometimes bank cashiers steal the banks' money, play the races, win, and reform. Then there is no obvious moral. Nor is there a sensation. It is a fact that there are quite a few interesting stories that newspapers don't get hold of.

Young Tyson married a pretty girl and did not put off the lover when he put on the husband. Whether the gods forgave him, or whether he played lucky, I do not pretend to know. Tyson got \$250 per month from the firm. Before he got married he spent \$250 a month in a decent way, without gambling and without drinking. He was a clean cut young fellow with a nice eye to the points of a horse, a proper figure of a man in the saddle, and he could break and drive anything that ever tried to kick up a runabout. He got his notions of horse flesh from his father. After Tyson got married he spent about \$350 a month because he still kept his horses, and was in love with his wife. The point was that she liked horses and thought Tyson was a great man. She did not think Tyson could fail at anything. Tyson was afraid to tell his wife he was spending too much money. Beside he was playing desperately to make her life worth living. He shut his eyes and pretended not to see rocks. Mrs. Tyson worshiped him, lived like a princess and was gloriously happy.

At this stage something usually happens. Sometimes the young man takes to sudden drink, and there is a smash-up—also life insurance. Sometimes he tells his wife, and they cut down expenses, and live on a less fashionable street, and are very happy and contented with it.

There is another alternative, but it usually winds up in as bad a way as the life insurance plan. Tyson tried it.

Where the ordinary young man of decent habits, clean associations and reputable antecedents thinks of making quick money he turns to the stock market, or, more accurately, the bucket shop. Tyson distinctively was a gentleman. That class does not turn to horse racing as a means of profit because its members look upon it as a pastime. It is much as if one would play billiards in a professional academy. Tyson went to the horses because he knew all about them, and he did not know anything about the market. Two or three of his friends had stables; he followed breeding lines; he had bet with more than average success on occasional stake days.

It was before the derby was run that I first had an idea Tyson was "in bad." His firm did not object to an incidental acquaintance with the race track, but Tyson was too clever to let anybody think he had begun to make a business of it. He kept himself well in hand, and sent out his money, or bet over the telephone with a down-town handbook.

I met Tyson at the club for lunch. He wanted to know if I was going out. I told him that he knew I was.

"Then I wish you would get this on for me," he

said. He passed over a roll of money." Bet a hundred on Barkelmore in the first, and another hundred on Paul Clifford in the sprint. I think you will get a price, but bet it all straight, unless you beat Barkelmore, and then bet a hundred on Clifford for the place as well."

"That's a pretty fair bet, Tyson," I said. "What do you know about these nags?"

"Oh, they figure," he responded carelessly. "I get the worst of the price unless the money is bet at the track, and that's why I asked you. I know you won't mention it."

"If you are playing them that steep as a regular thing, old man, you had better look out. It's a very hard game to beat."

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," he said. "But I'm beating it."

It was Tyson's business, but I wondered if he had to beat it. I knew Tyson's wife, and Tyson's horses.

I gave the money to Tyson next day. He won exactly \$650. He took the roll of yellow twenties without a sign of enthusiasm. Then I knew Tyson was smitten with the fever, for it is only the hardened bettor who takes down his winnings at a matter of course. That night I thought a little about Tyson. I gave him credit for being a colder and more conservative plunger than the average moth, but it all comes out the same. I said: "Tyson, will go to the cash register in about two months." Then I started in on my nightly racing story.

The American Derby is run, as all the world knows, at Washington Park. It is a very big race. If you will look in the Guide for 1903 you will find that The Picket won. There are no brackets around the index number of The Picket. That means that before this race the horse had never won. From the bluegrass land he came a maiden; a disappointment in his two-year-old form, a big ungainly fellow with burning speed in his morning trials; but of no account whatever in the estimation of the thousands of people who crowded the course that day; of no account whatever in the reckoning of form students, turf experts, bookmakers who laid big odds against him; trainers who too often had bitter experience of morning glories; keen people of the racing world who wanted something more than speed before they pinned faith and dollars to the fortune of a horse that had to meet the very pick of the West and East, that had to juggle and crowd through that big field, and tie up in the heart breaking finish down the long stretch with victors of royal breeding, proved gameness, and with records of triumph after triumph behind them. So we who went up to see the running of it talked of Savable, of the iron horse Claude, of the speedy English Lad, of this and that and the other, but never of The Picket.

I had not run into Tyson of late, and he was not the sort of a man about whom there was any gossip in the underworld. When I put my suit case down before the desk at the Hoffman House, I saw him registering.

"Hello, Tyson," I said, "what are you doing here?" He turned like a shot.

"How are you," he responded. "Same thing you're here on I guess. I'm glad to see you. I can make you win a bet to-day."

That was not like Tyson, and I looked at him closely. Quite the same, except for a few lines under the eyes. I nodded towards the bar. "Never indulge," he smiled.

"Are you still beating the game?" I asked. I will say that Tyson was game. His smile broadened.

"To a slight extent," he answered.

But the smile gave him away. You have noticed the mechanical grin that comes on the face of a fighter when he staggers to his feet from a blow that all but puts him out? Ten thousand bells are ringing in his head; the lights are jumping all about the place; his stomach is bobbing up and down; his legs are dead weights. He wonders when the next will come, and totters to it, but he grins mechanically; his face contorts itself into a spasmodic expression of disdain. Defeat has got him by the throat, but he is trying to laugh at it, to bluff it off. So Tyson grinned at me that June morning in the Hoffman lobby. Well, it was not my business; I gave him a badge to the track, and went off to get shaved.

You must start early for the track, or you will find yourself in a pretty crowded way on Derby day at Chicago. I was just about to leave my room when Tyson came in. He was very nervous, but he still kept a grip on himself. "Sit down a minute, will you?" he began. "I want to tell you a story and ask of you a favor."

I do not know why the man came to me with his troubles, except on the principle he had to tell some one or go mad. There was nothing new about the story. I could have outlined it two months before. He did not whine or get pathetic about it. When he wound up he handed me a roll of money.

"And now this is what I want you to do for me," he said. "You won a bet for me once before; Gad, it seems six years ago. Maybe you will win again. I have told you how I overplayed myself. I owe the firm five thousand dollars. I have no chance in the world to pay it back. I have \$10,000 life insurance, but nobody gets that but the girl. On the first of the month the auditor goes through the books, and if the money is not there, well, you know the rest. I'm giving you a thousand which I don't mind telling you I stole. I am going to win out with that to-day, and square everything, or never go back."

"What sort of a nasty mess are you trying to let me into," I said. "What am I to do with this money?"

He set his jaw, but the look of a cornered animal came into his face.

"I tell you I mean to bet it," he said. "It all goes on one race, and I win or lose in three minutes. But, by God, my nerve has gone to pieces. I was afraid I would weaken at the last. I want you to take it and bet it for me. I don't want to see the race. I can't bear to look at it. I want you to bet the thousand for me on the horse I tell you, bet it at the best price you can, and bet it all straight."

"I don't like the job," I said. "I think I am assisting at a crooked game."

"Don't moralize," he said bitterly. "You are no better than I am. But, for God's sake do what I ask you. You are the only one here I can trust, and the consequences don't matter to you."

I considered a while. Then I answered him. It was quite true that the consequences didn't matter to me. Also that it was not my business to preach. Also that I rather admired the chap for his nerve.

I shoved the money in my pocket, shook hands with Tyson, and slung my glasses over my shoulder. "And where will you be when I get back?" I asked. Tyson's prize fighter grin came back.



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RUGS—Brussels weave Rugs, woven in one piece; reversible and guaranteed fast colors; 9x12 feet; worth \$13.50; our sale price....\$9.75

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"I'll hear it over the ticker," he said, "and then I will wait for you in my own room."

"And the horse?"

"Play the Pickett."

I whistled. "It's up to you, old man. But great heavens, the horse is nothing but a morning glory!"

"Play the Picket," he repeated. "And never mind the consequences. He will be a fair price anyhow. Enough to get me out, for the rest don't matter."

On my way out I thought it was decent and thoughtful of Tyson to wait for me in his own room. I had an idea that it would not be pleasant to find Tyson when I got back. I also figured out how I would perjure myself if—well, if The Picket didn't win. And I didn't think he would.

I don't know how many thousands went to the races that day. The sun had come out strongly, and the clear white light brought out with garish prodigality the gay colors of the booths in the infield, and the women's dresses in coaching parties. The huge crowd hummed like an incredible hive of bees, and the magic of the big race caught me with its old infection. For all of race-going I do not think anyone ever gets stale on a really big race. Every year I swear I will not go up to push around in that crowd, to sweat and toil and strain and write the same old rot. And every year the fever gets working again, and I go up to the Derby, and see something new and wonderful about it. For it is *the* great game; the game that makes one man rich and another a pauper; a brilliant pagoda of pleasure built on crime and evil and lower instincts and ruined lives—but then, what did it matter in the end? It was not my business, and it was Derby day. So, pushing and crowding from the gate, then seated in the press box and looking all around, I automatically note everything that will do for copy, for whatever I can grasp that is bizarre, and sensational and spectacular. And every now and then I think of what I will find when I get back to the hotel. I have a shuddering disgust of people who make a mess of things, and I swear at Tyson for letting me into it. Also, I consider how I will play the tragedy up. There is a good story in it, and nobody else has it. And so, as in a dream, the first and second races are run off. The crowd in the grandstand settles back for the Derby; the aisles and paths become moving with the lines of men shoving towards the betting ring. I gripped Tyson's thousand dollars, vaulted over the low railing, and fought my way down into the shed, the temple of

the money changers, into the babble and shouting and swearing and the crazy rushes of bettors.

You know how the betting went that day; how Drake's commissioners bet their thousands on Savable; how the crowd backed Linguist and Claude; how the money poured in like a never ending stream on the bookmakers, seated, perspiring and hoarse on their high stools; how Crawford and the St. Louis crowd came from the field where they had stocked in a tent forty cases of champagne to be opened when Monsieur Beausaire won, and pushed along until the could bet on the white-faced St. Louis horse with Barney Schreiber, who gave them a shade the worst of the price; how the madness of speculation got into everybody's blood; but how steadily the price of The Picket went up. I saw him open at six to one, then to seven, then eight, and still no money went in on him. I made up my mind to get the best price; that much I would do anyway. The crowd caught me in an eddy and whirled me around and around. I lost my tie and my pin, and was kicked in the shins and stepped on. We were all a lot of fighting lunatics. I had crumpled the money up into a sweaty ball in one hand. With the free arm I struck out, and shoved the man in front of me. Then over the din came the notes of the bugle. It was the call to post. I saw ten to one against The Picket. I pitched myself at the man on the stool, and flung my hand waving the bills into his face.

"Thousand straight on The Picket," I shouted. They have no time for small change and pikers on Derby day.

"Ten thousand to a thousand The Picket," roared the bookie; "Ten thousand to a thousand The Picket," hoarsely repeated the ticket writer. Another shoved a bit of pasteboard at me; I crumpled it in my fist, and fell back into the whirlpool that pitched us around, and finally flung us out into the sweet air, the bright sunlight beyond the betting ring.

They started on the far side of the track, at the quarter pole, a long line of jostling, eager horses, nervous jockeys wearing bright colors. From the grandstand you could not distinguish horse from horse. Every glass was turned towards that platoon of thoroughbreds. The confusion seemed hopeless. The strain was terrible. On his high-perched stand the starter was waving his arms and bobbing up and down in a rage. Of a sudden the line came almost straight; the waving arms went down, the little red flag swished down, the horses plunged forward.

"They're off." And then out of the mass shot a white and red jacket. I jumped from my seat as the cheer went up, and Tyson's horse was off in front.

I am not keen to describe you the race, because I used up all the adjectives I knew, liberally helped out by suggestions from the race in "Under Two Flags," in writing the story that night. I like the passionless way the *Guide* tells the story. I find in it nothing of the glamour, the heat, the blood stirring battle; I do not find in it the awful thrill of hope as the red and white jacket kept in front; the wonder of it when the flying horses from the bluegrass steadily swung along the back stretch with all the others behind him, straining terribly; the fear of what would come when the long stretch was reached, and blood and gameness and skilled jockeyship set down for the final heart-breaking finish; I do not find in it the mighty music of those thundering hoofbeats down the hard-packed straightaway as The Picket widened the gap, and with quivering, distended nostrils, flashed past the betting ring, the wildly cheering grandstand, and with crouched jockey, barely holding his magnificent head steady, swept under the wire, winner by three lengths in time that broke the record. And before the number broke out on the board there came a vision-like flash of Tyson back at the Hoffman House; with nerveless, shaking fingers holding the ticker tape.

I did not care for any more racing that day. I collected \$11,000, put the roll in my inside vest pocket, and took the elevated down town. I went straight to Tyson's room. It was all so very strange that I did not quite know what I would find. But there was Tyson by the window, smoking a cigar very quietly as I came in.

"Well?"

Tyson turned around.

"Well, we got away with it, didn't we?" he said. "If you were me, would you get drunk? I don't think I will."

"Tyson," I said, "here is your money. The train leaves at nine-thirty. I think I would go home."

"I think I will myself," said Tyson.

That's about all. Tyson sent me a runabout and his best racing mare as a sort of memento. He couldn't afford to keep horses any more. Neither could I. I sold the turnout. Last week Tyson got a promotion. He is now vice-president of the firm, and has a piece of the business. I am quite sure he will never bet on another race. Also that he will discharge any clerk he finds so doing.

## MUSIC

## THE PARSIFAL LECTURE.

Walter Damrosch gave St. Louis the best of "Parsifal" in the excerpts given at the Odeon Sunday afternoon. The instrumentation is beautiful and the New York Symphony Orchestra gave an illuminating rendition of the prelude, the processional march of the Knights of the Holy Grail. The "Good Friday spell" and the finale of the opera.

The vocal parts, excepting the *Amfortas* music, sung by Mr. Archambault, were not adequately interpreted. Only a vague idea of the beauty, of the seduction scene could be gleaned from the efforts of Mr. Beddor as *Parsifal*, Miss Harmon as *Kundry*, and the impersonators of the flower maidens.

Mr. Damrosch was most happy in his explanatory remarks. He is one of the few musicians who is possible as a lecturer.

Neither the music of this widely advertised opera, nor the story call for extended review at this late season.

## THE BOSTONIANS.

The surviving "famous original Bostonians," Barnabee, MacDonald and Frothingham, in the famous original successes, "The Serenade" and "Robin Hood," are with us again. They are surrounded by a company of young singers, most of whom are not destined for high honors as vocalists. A young basso, Howard Chambers by name, is an exception. His voice is as good as that of Eugene Cowles in its best days, and he is a far better singer than that whilom pet Bostonian basso.

"The Serenade," on the opening night, introduced the beauteous, hollow-toned Miss Rafter as *Dolores*, and a sprightly little soubrette-prima donna, who was evidently eager to please. She sang half a dozen staccato tones very prettily.

Mr. Barnabee's methods of making comedy have not changed, and Mr. MacDonald baritonizes as liberally as in years gone by. These interesting personages in appearance seem years younger than when last seen here.

Victor Herbert's music sounds a little old-fashioned in spots, but "The Serenade"—after "Robin Hood"—is, nevertheless the best comic opera of the age. Prettier melodies and catchier rhythms have not since been invented, and there is a foundation of musicianship in the structure of "The Serenade" that will be proof against decay for years to come.

## BEETHOVEN CONSERVATORY RECITAL.

Despite the inclement weather, a very large audience was in attendance at the recital given by the Beethoven Conservatory at the Odeon Thursday evening. The programme was replete with excellent numbers, which were artistically rendered and merited enthusiastic applause. The piano numbers were performed by pupils of the Messrs. Epstein, the Misses D. Stanley, J. Singer, L. Musick and Mr. Rowland Howell, the talented blind pianist. The vocal numbers were rendered by members of Mr. E. A. Taussig's class, Miss J. Remington, Mrs. A. I. Epstein, Messrs. H. Frank, W. LeMaster and H. A. Berry,

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who acquitted themselves most creditably. Mr. C. Jacob of the violin department presented Master H. Baer, a youthful violinist, who gives promise of ranking some day with the great ones. The graduating concert of the school will take place the early part of June.

Thursday evening's programme was as follows:

Piano solo, Chopin, "Polonaise A Flat," Miss D. Stanley.

Song, DeKoven, "Turnkey's Song," Mr. H. Frank.

Piano solo, Liszt, "Polonaise E Flat," Miss J. Singer.

Violin Solo, Vieuxtemps, "Polonaise," Mr. H. Brandt.

Song, Bizet, "Toreador Song," Mr. W. LeMaster.

Violin solo, DeBeriot, "Ninth Concerto," Master H. Baer.

Song, Temple, "O, Song Divine," Miss J. Remington.

Piano solo, Liszt, "Faust Waltz," Miss L. Musick.

Song, Cowen, "Border Ballad," Mr. H. A. Berry.

Piano Solos—  
(a) "Song Without Words," Mendelssohn.

(b) "Valse Caprice," Streletzki, Mr. R. Howell.

Songs—  
(a) "Ein Schwan," Greig; (b) "Springtide," Becker, Mrs. A. I. Epstein.

## CONRATH'S STUDENTS' RECITAL.

At Conrath's Conservatory of Music, 3400-3402 Lindell avenue, the regular students' recital will be given Tuesday evening, April 19. The programme will be as follows:

Piano, duet, "La Mozelle," Ilgenfritz, Misses Estelle and Genevieve Walters.

Piano, "La Philomel," Kunkel, Master Walter Roth.

Piano, "Violeta," Aquabella, Miss Constance Kempff.

Vocal, "Merrily I Roam," Schleiffarth, Miss Maud Anderson.

Piano, "Il Travatore," Verdi, Miss Helen Larimer.

Piano, "Polonaise, A Major," Chopin, Miss Dorine Meyers.

Cornet, "Behuet dich Gott," Nessler, Master Alvin Queller.

Piano, duet, "March," Anschuetz, Misses Alvina and Agnes Conrad.

Piano, "Valse de Fleurs," Ketterer, Miss Anna Ebrecht.

Vocal, "Without Thee," d'Hardelot, Mrs. L. Polston.

Piano, "Persian March," Gruenfeld, Miss Charlotte Kathmann.

Piano, "Valse Caprice," Conrath, Miss Bertha Neibert.

Violin, "Troubadour Fantasie," Singelee, Mr. J. H. Martin.

Piano, "Liebesbotschaft," Liszt, Miss Alice Seaman.

Piano, "Le Reveil d'Amour," Moszkowski, Miss Emma Krieger.

Vocal, "May Morning," Denza, Mrs. J. Cornelius.

Piano, "Mondscheinfahrt," Bendel, Miss Roxielettie Taylor.

Piano, "Hexentanz," Paganini, Miss Bessie Britt.

## CORLEY-ROBYN-KUNKEL.

A concert out of the ordinary, and which serves to re-introduce to the music-loving public an artiste whose former concert and choir work endeared her to a large circle of friends, is announced at the Odeon next Tuesday evening, when Mme. Louise A. Corley of this city appears in a song recital under the auspices of the Play Grounds Committee of the Civic Improvement League. Mme. Corley is to be assisted on this occasion by Mr. Alfred G. Robyn, as accompanist, and Mrs. Lulu Kunkel-Burg of the Choral Symphony Society is to play several violin selections. This will be Mme. Corley's first appearance since her return from her three years' sojourn in Europe, whither she went to perfect herself in oratorio and concert work.

Mme. Corley returns to us as the best

equipped exponent of high-class contralto song. The solos of Mrs. Kunkel-Burg will be in her usual brilliant and musicianly style.

In detail the programme here printed for the first time is:

Sonata Op. 8.....Grieg  
Mrs. Lulu Kunkel-Burg.

Von Ewig Liebe.....Brahms  
Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,

Brahms  
Widmung.....Schumann  
Fruehlingsnacht.....Schumann

Auch kleine Dinge.....Hugo Wolf  
Rastlose Liebe.....Schubert

Aufenthalt.....Schubert  
Cæcilia.....Strauss

Mme. Louise A. Corley.  
Cavatina.....D'Ambrosia  
Canzonetta.....D'Ambrosia

Mrs. Kunkel-Burg.  
Le Marine.....Lalo  
L'Esclave.....Lalo

Adieu de l'Hotesse Arabe.....Bizet  
A Toi.....Widor

Je ne Veux pas Autre Chose.....Widor  
La Solitaire.....Saint Saens

Mme. Corley.  
Adagio.....Ries  
Mrs. Kunkel-Burg.

The Enchantress.....Hatton  
A Folk Song.....Clutsam

There was an Ancient King.....Henschel  
Donald Blair.....Henschel

Blue Skies.....Newton  
Mme. Corley.

Mr. Alfred G. Robyn, Accompanist.

The proceeds of the concert which is under the patronage of thirty of the leading society women of the city, are to be devoted to the construction and maintenance of play grounds for the children of the poorer classes during the coming summer, and the furtherance of the work already established by the Civic Improvement League in that relation.

Easy money. \$5,000 for ten cents.  
Smoke up. Ask your cigar dealer.

Just a Hint: *She*—"Mamma is awfully thoughtful." *He*—"Indeed?" *She*—"Yes, indeed. Why, for instance, she would never think of coming into the parlor when I have a caller without first coughing."—*Minneapolis Journal*.



## SPORTING COMMENT

### OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON.

To-morrow, Friday, the racing season of 1904 opens in St. Louis with a turf war on the Fair Grounds, Delmar and Kinloch Jockey Clubs on one side and the new Union Jockey Club on the other. The Kinloch Jockey Club was to have opened its meeting at the county race track, but owing to its inaccessibility the dates were transferred to the Fair Grounds. This move brings the war field into closer range, and the patrons and supporters of the rival race meetings will have opportunity to observe all the maneuvering of the commanders. In fact, the progress of the war will be watched by the public with equally as much interest as will be the races and betting at the two tracks. The Union course is situated at Kings Highway and Natural Bridge road, and the Fair Grounds entrances front on Natural Bridge Road, a few blocks east, so that the patrons of both courses and employes are more or less liable to come in contact going to and from the courses. The bidding for the public's support will no doubt be spirited on both sides, but it is not likely that the war will be conducted along any other save business lines, despite the fact that considerable bitter feeling has been engendered. As a result of it two things are certain to ensue, and that is the racing will be of higher class and more formful and the betting will be conducted on more generous lines than heretofore. A free gate at both tracks is not beyond the pale of possibility, as the fight progresses. The managers of the new Union course declare they have assurances of enough horses to operate a 90-day meeting and to continue longer, if necessary. They expect to have fully 300 horses on hand by to-morrow. At the Fair Grounds there are reported between 700 and 800 horses.

### WORLD'S FAIR HANDICAP—BETTING.

There is keen rivalry in the gambling field over the big turf classics this season. Jimmy O'Leary of Chicago, who has been having a cinch on the future book business for some years, is now opposed by B. J., better known as "Kid" Weller & Co., and the consequence of the competition is a variety of prices which give the bettor some chance to recoup moneys lost in the past in such enterprises. Weller & Co. are offering on the \$50,000 World's Fair handicap a set of prices that will make O'Leary's head swim. Weller has associated with him Rome Respass and Billy Shannon, and intends to operate agencies in all the big cities. In the great World's Fair Handicap, which is to be decided at the Fair Grounds June 25, Weller has made Dick Welles, favorite at 6 to 1, and quotes McChesney, the great, at 12 to 1, and The Picket at 15 to 1. During the week McGee, Ed Corrigan's entry, a horse upon which the owner is very sweet, has developed quite a following, and several large commissions have been sent in to the future books on him, at 20, 8 and 4. Now that Witful has flashed into form, she may find some support among the Southern owners and friends of Sam Hildreth, but it is doubtful if she will go to the post.

The public is anxiously awaiting more definite information about Irish Lad, who has been exercised but little, and raced not at all during the winter; Africander, who has been resting up; Hermis, The Picket, Runnels and McChesney. As far as can be learned "Big Mac" is the only one of this last named bunch that has been doing anything, and report has it that he is, if anything, better than last season, having wintered well and shown up for light work looking like a two-year-old in spirit. J. A. Drake's trainer is keeping Runnels' condition very quiet, and this is the horse that is more liable to "spill the beans" for the bettors than any of them. With Runnels in the race, and a slow or muddy track, it is no 15 to 1 shot that he will not be right there at the finish. The distance is to his fancy, and his package, 115, with a good boy up, is nothing to worry about. Bettors would do well to bear Runnels in mind from now on. His work last season in the East was very good. As to the chances of Dick Welles winning at a mile and a quarter that is a question that will have to be determined before any one can safely bet on him. Welles is a wonder at a mile on a pasteboard track, but what he can do over the longer route is something Rome Respass alone knows. The fact that Respass is a partner of Weller in the future book, in which Welles is favorite, argues nothing. In fact, it is simply clever hedging. Respass may think Welles will win, but should he fail, the future book would, perhaps, pull him out of a bad hole, providing he didn't bet too much on his entry. Among horsemen there is strong McChesney sentiment. The majority of them think "Big Mac" has proven that weight does not worry him, and distance is no bar to the high character of his performances. In shape, they think he will take the prize, but all admit that the World's Fair handicap will be a horse race worth going miles to see.

### RACE TRACKS GALORE.

Racing enterprises are proving attractive to capitalists. New tracks are springing up with such rapidity that before long every city will have a surfeit. A new course is soon to be under construction at Hot Springs, Chicago is having a new one built, and there is a possibility that the old Pimlico track will be revived. The New Orleans promoters of the new race track scheme have, it is said, not given up hope of securing a site and if the game proves good in Kansas City, where it has always been indifferently supported, it is more than likely a new course will be projected there. Some time ago there was talk of starting another track in St. Louis in the south end. Several prominent brewers have been mentioned as willing to back such an enterprise. If there should be a drop in profits throughout the Western circuit this season, a damper may be put on the race track building fever. There is much easy money in the racing game, but too many tracks are liable to make the goose that lays the golden egg very tired of its job.

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successful season the game has ever enjoyed in St. Louis. The programme of championship and inter-club contests is to be arranged to-night by the St. Louis Golf Association, which meets at the Mercantile Club. The principal event to be fixed is the St. Louis championship which probably will be begun the second Saturday in June. In April the Glen Echo Club will open the season formally with some individual contests on its links between club members. The greens of the various clubs are looking up, although not yet in shape for practice or play. St. Louis links will be as pretty as any in the West this season. Much care has been taken and considerable money spent to put the grounds in the best shape for the World's Fair period, when many visiting devotees of the great game are expected here.

### TENNIS GROWING IN FAVOR.

Lawn tennis, in the great athletic revival that has been remarked in St. Louis, is holding its own, and this summer promises to take a leading place in the lists of sports to which the smart set are devoted. There will be six tournaments. In June the annual club championships will be decided; on July 2, the State championships will be contested, and in September the city tournament will be held. In August the stellar contests will be decided, three tournaments having been arranged for by the World's Fair athletic managers. These will be the World's championship, the Louisiana Purchase championship, and a special meeting open to all comers. Tennis is growing in popularity and threatens to supercede golf. Four new courts are building, so that when the season opens there will be fourteen of them, under the St. Louis Amateur Athletic Association management.

### THE M. A. C.'S BOXING CARNIVAL.

The Missouri Athletic Club's first try at boxing tournaments proved a com-

plete success. The series of contests were decided Saturday night, and the members of the club, as well as many guests, enjoyed the evening's entertainment, and the principals in the several bouts displayed a keen knowledge of the manly art, many of them having picked up some valuable pointers from Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, the clever boxing instructor at the club. O. L. Kirke went through the 118 pounders like a cyclone. He showed speed, cleverness and endurance. Frank Grubbs, Frank Parker, Fred Gauss and Fred White, who participated in this class of events, showed considerable skill. The 135 pounders also put up some good bouts, the winner turning up in Charles Cohn, who had his opponents at his mercy throughout.

### TO-NIGHT'S BOUT.

To night the West End Club will try to present Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Twin Sullivan in the bout which was postponed a week or ten days ago. It is understood that the opposition to the contest has been withdrawn and that the police will not interfere.

### M. A. C.'S BIG HOUSEWARMING.

There is going to be "big doings" at the Missouri Athletic Club, on the night of April 23. Everybody who is anybody will be there. The occasion is a big housewarming and club reception arranged by the Board of Governors of the organization. Every floor of the building will be ablaze, and the reception and housewarming will extend all over the house. It will be a good opportunity to meet the members of the club and ascertain what a real swell place the M. A. C. is. Persons contemplating joining the club as resident members should bear in mind that after April 30 they must pay an initiation fee of \$50, whereas at present no such fee is charged.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

## MILADY'S VEIL

The automobile is responsible for many fads; one of the latest is an elongation of the already long automobile veil. The new veil, to be fashionable, must be not less than seven yards long, and a tall woman wears one even longer, so that the ends float across the bottom of her dress. These long veils have wide hems, usually headed with a fine needlework stitch, and they are plain for the most part, although fashion shows a tendency to decorate them with big polka dots.

There is a variety of very thin crepe de chine used for veiling purposes, but chiffon is the principal fabric for long veils. No other veiling materials have yet received the sanction of good society for automobile veils.

The mode of wearing the seven-yard veil is important. It is gathered in a ring about the middle, and this gathered portion fits over the top of the hat. The long ends are brought back, crossed and brought around to the front, where they are tied in a big bow. Sometimes this bow forms a fluffy frame to the face when tied just under the chin; sometimes it is considered more becoming to tie it at the bust; and it is tied from the chin to the waist, and even lower, or wherever a woman thinks a fluffy bow will be most becoming, decorative or coquettish.

The favorite colors are several dark shades of brown, several soft shades of pale gray, a delicate mauve tint, white upon occasions, and black. There seems a promise that dull shades of tea green and ecru will be popular for early spring, but black is the favorite of all colors now, and an odd effect is produced when a woman wearing a colored gown swathes herself in a long black veil.

The fashionable black veil practically conceals the features of the wearer, something that short veils are not intended to do.



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Rain Coats in gun metal grays and neat fancy worsteds, \$15 to \$35.

Rich Vienna and Cheviot Frock Coats, silk faced and silk lined, ready-to-wear, \$20 to \$40.

French and English Worsteds Trousers, in neat stripes, ready-to-wear, \$3.50 to \$7.

White and Fancy Vests, 4 grades reduced to \$2.50.

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## NEW BOOKS

Readers who found entertainment in the volume of "Crankisms" will be pleased with its companion book, "Brevities," which comprises the latest work of the author, the late Lisle De Vaux Matthewman. In this work Mr. Matthewman had as collaborator, the clever illustrator Clare Victor Dwiggins. The work of both is distinctly clever, the illustrations being particularly good. There are generous dashes of keen satire and real humor throughout the book, and nothing in the contents that is uninteresting. It is from the press of Henry T. Coates & Co., of Philadelphia, and the price of it 80 cents.

William Dana Orcutt's "Robert Cavalier," is an entertaining story founded on the career of Sieur de la Salle, the discoverer of the great Father of Waters. The story of La Salle's life in itself reads more like fiction than a matter-of-fact biography, so that the author had no lack of material in the making of "Robert Cavalier." The scenes of the tale shift from old France to new France, where La Salle conceived his great project of discovery, and where his love affair, had its inception. The story begins with La Salle in a Jesuit community, from which he flees, and then follow strongly contrasted pictures of the privation he suffers, his struggles in the forest and of the frivolous, gorgeous court at Versailles. The book is from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., of New York. The price is \$1.50.

"New Poems," by Ronald Campbell MacFie, author of "Granite Dust;" "An Elegy to F. W. A., Died 1901," by Vivian Locke Ellis, and "Poems," by Rachel Annand Taylor, are among the best volumes of verse presented by John Lane, publisher of New York.

It has been justly said of Mr. Ronald Campbell MacFie that for original music, for artistic (not impressionist) rendering of impression, and for fresh expression of the eternal commonplaces which form the subject of poetry, his verses are unexcelled.

The "Elegy" of Mr. Vivian Locke Ellis comprises seventy-four stanzas. He closes his little volume with the following appropriate lines:

"If there be scrawled long notes of selfish life,

Upon a page writ sacred to the dear, Esteem them but as growing tendrils rife About the marble monumental head That never ill-become the sepulchre Her nook the moveless dust that lies within,

But seem the tribute living natures owe To what in death itself is holier, Or clinging sympathies that gently win

Their artless way in the cold face of woe.

Rachel Annand Taylor divides her Poems under four headings: "Romances," "Devotional," "Chant D'Amour" and "Reveries." Of these "The Water o' Weary Well," "Outworn," and "The Immortal Hour" are the most attractive. Each of the volumes is priced at \$1.

"Africa from South to North, Through Marotseland," by Major A. St. H. Gibbons, F. R. G. S., R. G. I., author

of "Exploration and Hunting in Central Africa," in two volumes, is one of the interesting works turned out recently, by John Lane, publisher of New York. The book is a description of travels in Africa undertaken in the interests of Imperial development and geography, by an expedition organized by Major Gibbons in 1898, which included seven white men, in addition to native porters. The author's description of his travels through the whole length of the African continent is among the most valuable contributions to this class of literature published in recent years. Among other features in the work is an account of the tracing of the Zambesi River to its source, which had hitherto remained undiscovered.

The book discusses the natural resources and industrial and commercial prospects of the countries traversed, and includes adventurous incidents with the natives, and also with the wild animals of Africa.

The route largely through quite unexplored regions—represents on the map a distance of 13,000 miles, quite beyond the reach of railroads. At the request of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, a special study was made by the expedition of the character of the country, with a view to reporting on the most desirable route for the great trans-African Railway.

Special features of interest are the illustrations reproduced from photographs taken by the author, and the maps

which have been specially prepared under the author's supervision. The price of the set is \$7.30.

Wallace Irwin's "Fairy Tales up to Now," a small volume of satire in verse from the press of Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, bears the stamp of originality, although many of the topics upon which he has pounced are old and popular ones of the nursery order. They are all clever tales, however, as contorted by the author. The book sells at 25 cents per copy.

"The Saint and the Outlaw, and Other Stories," by Michael Wood, from the press of John Lane of New York, is one of the most charming literary productions, both as exquisite writing and beautiful thought, that has been published in many a long day. Here and there we feel that we are listening to the story of Albrecht Durer's well-known hunter, glamourised in the midst of his chase, with a vision of the Crucifix between the antlers of the hunted stag. In other stories we feel the spirit which breathes from that wonderful Biblical poem, "The Song of Songs," which is Solomon's, with its spiritual allegory shining through its sensuous expression. If any one wants a rest from the commonplace, and a few hours relaxation from the eternal repetition of romantic novelist, let him take up Michael Wood's "Saint and Outlaw," and he will be glad that he did so.

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SOCIETY

The smartest wedding of this and other days was that of Alden Little and Blanche Niedringhaus last Saturday afternoon at Lindell Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. That beautiful edifice was filled with the elite of the city. Elegant spring toilets gave a festive and sunshiny air to the solemn nuptials. In brilliance and daintiness fair woman rivaled the Easter lilies, marguerites and maiden hair fern, spread in profusion throughout the church. An immense cluster of state-ly Easter lilies, fastened to each pew head of the main aisle with waving streamers of gorgeous satin ribbon marked the path of the bride party. The bride in her beautiful robe of ivory satin with the softest of illusion veils, was the fairest lily of them all. As a wedding festival the Little-Niedringhaus marriage stands unparalleled in the social history of St. Louis.

The Chaplin-Luedeking marriage will be the society event of this week. It will take place at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Lindell boulevard and Spring avenue, Saturday evening. It will be followed by an informal reception at the home of the bride, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Luedeking. Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, who have been touring California in their private car for a month, will return in time for the wedding. Miss Alice Luedeking, one of the fairest of the season's brides, is a great favorite at Busch place. Mr. and Mrs. Busch have planned a magnificent surprise in the way of wedding presents for their young favorite.

Mrs. M. F. Scanlan has sent out invitations for the marriage of her daughter, Marie Therese Scanlan and Mr. George Shepley Tiffany, which will take place Wednesday, April 27, at the home of the bride's mother, Grand and Lucas avenues. The ceremony will take place at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and will be witnessed by a small number of guests. Miss Scanlan, who is one of the reigning belles of St. Louis, will be attended by Miss Josephine Walsh, who will be a June bride, Eleanor Tracy, Nanette Paschall and Irene Catlin. Mr. Tiffany's attendants will be Messrs. Ralph McKittrick, Dan Catlin, Oliver Richards, Theron Catlin, Dexter Tiffany and Philip Scanlan.

Miss Rosemary Sartoris, who will leave in a few days for Paris, France, to attend the wedding of her brother, Capt. Algernon Sartoris, to Mlle. Cecile Noufflard, was one of the most attractive girls at the D. O. C. Ball at the new Jefferson Hotel. She was escorted by Mr. L. D. Dozier.

A Japanese reception will be given to-morrow afternoon by Miss Maybelle Fleming for the benefit of the St. Louis Baptist Hospital, 5276 Washington boulevard. Mme. Gokoski Sugawa, wife of the Japanese Commissioner, will deck out twelve young society girls in her own native finery.

Mr. W. D. Waters, now of Charlottesville, Va., was in the city for a few days, returning to his home early this week.

Mr. George J. Kaime and his children will return from their winter home at

Santa Barbara, Cal., to occupy again the Mansur residence, Spring avenue and Lindell boulevard.

Messrs. T. Megia and Lulio C. Lacaros, Salvador Commissioners, arrived in the city, and are located at the Southern Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pieris, of Ceylon, are located at the Franklin Hotel. Mr. Pieris is a member of the Ceylon commission.

Prof. Adolfo Apolloni, a member of the Italian Commission, arrived last week and is stopping at the Southern Hotel.

Henry J. Meyer, son of Mr. C. F. Meyer, is at the home of his parents, on a visit from the Transvaal, where he has resided for the last ten years. Mr. Meyer is accompanied by his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore G. Meyer, of Lindell boulevard, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Meyer and members of the family at a dinner last Saturday evening. Mr. Meyer came on from Africa with Gen. Cronje's party.

M. Pierre Papiores, of Bucharest, Roumania, is at the Planters' Hotel. He is a representative of the Roumanian Commission.

Mr. Cincinnato da Costa, Portuguese Commissioner to the World's Fair, accompanied by Viscondo de Petralva, and C. A. Machado Ribeiro Ferreira, is at the Southern Hotel.

Baron Masanao Matsudaira, vice-president of the Imperial Japanese Commission, arrived from Japan last Tuesday. He was welcomed at the Union Station by President Sugawa. The Baron will be located at the Hamilton Hotel.

Prince Pu Lun, of China, will arrive in St. Louis next Monday. The Prince will be the guest of the Washington Hotel during his visit to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Little and the Misses Little have gone out to Alden Hall, where they will live during the summer.

Mrs. Daniel Manning will be in the city Sunday morning, and will then take possession of her new home in Berlin avenue, formerly the residence of Mr. Thomas H. West, Jr., who will be with his father in Westmoreland place.

Capt. and Mrs. Edward Carpenter are on their honeymoon journey at Old Point Comfort. From there they will go in a fortnight to Fort Totten, N. Y., their future home.

Miss Louise Lackland, of Mexico, Mo., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Scott. Miss Lackland was one of the attendants at the Taylor-Newman wedding last week.

Miss Lucille Hopkins is back from New York, where she went to pass the Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Zabriskie are the happy parents of a son and heir. Mrs. Zabriskie was the charming Miss Belle Loader of St. Louis.

Mrs. John W. Loader is with her daughter, Mrs. Zabriskie, in New York, but will return in time for the June festivities that will take place at the World's Fair.

The marriage of Miss Frances Cockrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cockrell, to Mr. Warren Nichols, of Chicago, was the society event of Jerseyville, Ill. The ceremony was sol-

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## Picture Exhibit

Intensely interesting to the lovers of the Old English Georgian Interiors, after W. Dendy Sadler, will be an exhibition of a complete collection of his etchings, proofs and prints, in our Picture Department, on our third floor.

No artist has attained the art of true portrayal to an equal degree in recalling the old English life.

His collection of historic English furniture and interior decorations is the most comprehensive in existence. From them he gathers the inspirations which have made his work greatly loved for its rare expression.

These proofs and prints are for sale, and afford an opportunity to obtain unique specimens of this noted artist, especially adapted to Colonial Rooms.

The length of time this collection will be here is very short; for this reason we suggest an early inspection.

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emnized at the home of Mr. S. H. Bowman, President of the State Bank of Jerseyville. It was followed by a bridal breakfast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Nichols departed for Chicago, and the Northern resorts on their honeymoon trip. Miss Cockrell is well known in St. Louis society. Upon their return from their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Nichols will locate in Jerseyville.

If you are going to California, get some literature that will tell you all about the places of interest, hotels, etc.

After the theater, before the matinee, or when down town shopping, the

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"Well, ould man, Oim sorry fer yez," said Casey, sympathetically, as he saw Cassidy's foot cut off by a train. "Not much harm done," replied Cassidy, smiling. "I can still wear a Swope shoe, and besides, d' ould women won't ax me to walk the flure wid the twins. I wouldn't moind the childer so much, but Oi'd hate loike the divil to stop wearing the Swope shoes, the foineest in the land. Store at 311 N. Broadway."

#### DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

The Architectural Department of Washington University was honored last week by the visit of Monsieur Gustave Umbdenstock, the distinguished French Architect, Professor of an Ecole des Beaux, Arts Atelier and Professor of Architecture at the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. Mr. Umbdenstock's criticisms of the work of the students was inspiring, and made an impress that will long be remembered by the students who were present. Mr. Umbdenstock, who is paying a short visit to St. Louis, to inspect the French National Pavilion at the World's Fair, of which he is architect-in-chief, was escorted to the University by Mr. Louis C. Spiering, Architecte Diplome du Gouvernement Francais, and instructor of Architecture, Washington University.

#### YANKEE SHREWDNESS

"Talk about Yankee shrewdness," said the traveling man. "I was in a little tavern up in Connecticut not long ago and a farmer came in with eggs to sell. The transaction took place in the bar room of the establishment. The proprietor agreed to take two dozen, and when the farmer came to count over the contents of his basket he found that he had twenty-five eggs. The proprietor wanted the extra egg thrown in for good measure. The farmer didn't see it that way, and they argued the matter. At last the proprietor said he'd take the twenty-five eggs, give the man a drink and call it square. The farmer agreed and pocketed the money.

"Now, what'll you have?" asked the proprietor.

"The Yankee farmer was ready with his reply.

"Sherry and egg," said he."—*Washington Post*.

A small fortune—\$5,000—a fine smoke. All for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

"How far back can you trace your ancestry?" asked the proud but impecunious lady; "I have the records of my family back to the days of armor and shirts of mail." "Gee whiz!" exclaimed the head of the great trust; "my wife made me stop when I got back to shirt sleeves and overalls."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

He—"If I tried to kiss you, would you call for help?" She—"Would you need it?"—*Smart Set*.

#### DRAMATIC

The Maude Adams cult is receiving a jolt at the Olympic Theater this week. Not that America's most popular actress is less winsome, artful and magnetic than ever before, but because the character of turbulent, frantic, frenzied passion so illy fits her dainty personality and native charm. The Adams cult began with "Rosemary." It lifted her into stardom in short order, and enthusiastically sustained her in "The Little Minister," "Lady Babby," and "Quality Street." Even as the *Duke of Reichstadt* she was our Maude, and pleased us better than Bernhardt. In "The Pretty Sister of Jose" we only see her native winsomeness, the little coquettish touches, the arch smile which she alone possesses. It is that, and that alone, that keeps us pleased at seeing her again after so long an absence, despite the unsuitableness of the play.

"The Pretty Sister of Jose" is the story of "Carmen" with slight variations, but a very tattered "Carmen." Of Spanish atmosphere, there is scarcely a trace, not even in the sun-lighted scenes of the public gardens in Madrid, or the Garden of the Cafe. They are serene and beautiful, wonderworks of the scene painter's art, but they do not breathe and exhale the volcanic sultriness of Spain, which bursts forth at the slightest provocation. Mrs. Burnett's story of "The Pretty Sister of Jose" is a decimated, declimated, emasculated story of "Carmen." Edgar Selwyn, as Jose, the faithful brother, comes nearer furnishing a Spanish type than any of the other male actors in the cast. His impersonation of the Spanish rustic is full of warm color. Henry Ainsley's *Sebastiano* is cool, at times almost frosty, though he reads his lines as only an Englishman can, with perfect enunciation. Out of the fourth principal character, that of *Padre Alejandro*, G. Harrison Hunter makes a dignified study.

The last act is the most trying for Maude Adams, and the audience. She holds the stage alone with the immovable form of *Sebastiano* on the bed. From the moment she appears after the curtain lifts, the dialogue is a prolonged shriek, symbolizing a hysterical battle with death, which is to come to *Sebastiano* at the dawn of day. This "monologue" of consecutive convulsions, writhings and outcries, would tax the most robust tragedienne. From the girlish throat and frame of our Maude, the daintiest of natural comedienues, they startle, but do not convince.

Now, Mr. Frohman, be good and give us back the Maude Adams as we cherish and treasure her, in a part to which she has been born and raised, predestined by nature, not a Calve nor an Olga Nethersole *Carmen*, shorn of its climatic equipment in type and text.

#### A SWORD PLAY

The front row habitués who visit the Grand Opera House this week would do well to provide themselves with fencing masks, to be donned at the end of the third act, when Mr. James K. Hackett, who seems to have devoted himself assiduously to broad sword exercise as well as rapier practice, gives

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a brilliant exhibition of his skill, the most sensational feature of which is a beautiful full arm cut which disarms a pursuing cavalryman and sends his saber soaring up to the border lights, and in its downward course threatens to land somewhere amid the occupants of the first five rows.

Mr. George Broadhurst evidently started out to write a wildly romantic Hope-esque drama, providing Mr. Hackett with a part a la *Rupert of Hentzau*, but, probably, finding it too foolishly fanciful for a "straight" play, broadened its whimsicalities and programmetically proclaimed it a "satirical, romantic fantasy." This phrase saves the piece, and makes it impossible to quarrel with its author for outrages against dramatic art. Just where its merit as a satire comes in is not quite clear, but that can be easily overlooked in the entertainment furnished by Mr. Hackett's sword play, first in *Romeo* costume, and later in a modern riding suit.

Mr. Broadhurst was evidently in his most fantastically incongruous mood when he inspired his fencing hero, his heroine, and his bold, bad highwayman, to reel off extempore, copious speeches

from Shakespeare. Surely the inhabitants of "Rhodoland" were assiduous students of our classic literature, or perhaps relatives of some of Mr. G. B. Shaw's creations.

Mr. Hackett is graceful as the *Crown Prince*, Miss Charlotte Walker is picturesque as the *Queen of Rhodoland*, and the rest of the company are well fitted for the parts they are called upon to play.

Delightful Annie Russell, who has not been here in two years, will be at the Olympic Theater next week in her new play, "Mice and Men."

Lew Dockstader's Minstrels will play a return engagement at the Century Theater next week.

The play to-night at the German Theater is "Mutter und Sohn," (Mother and Son), a dramatized story by Charlotte Birchpfeiffer, a prominent German novelist and dramatist. Max Agerty, the leading juvenile of the Heinemann-Welb Stock Company, will be tendered a benefit in this folk-play, in which he assumes the part of Bruno, the youngest



son of an adoring but stern mother. The play is full of that quality called human interest. It often holds the spectator spell-bound in thrilling scenes between mother and son. Mrs. Welb-Markham will appear as *Mrs. Mansfelt*, the widow of a general in the German army. Agnes Waldman has the delightful part of *Selma*, an ingenue, delicately traced by the author. The gala event of the season will occur next Sunday night, when the Stock Company will give "Madame Sans-Gené," Victorien Sardou's classic comedy, in four acts. This great comedy, in which Rejane appeared a few years ago in this country, has never been seen in St. Louis in its German adaptation. In the later it is even better than in the English version, in which Katherine Kidder was seen some years ago. For the German clientele of the Odeon this is an unusual treat, and should commend itself to their general attention. That good character actor, Ferdinand Welb, besides staging the comedy, will appear in the part of *Napoleon*. Vilma von Hohenau will play the role of *Catherine Huebscher*, *Madame Sans-Gené*.

With the beginning of next season the German Stock Company will have a house of its own on Grand avenue. The theater will be built by a prominent real estate firm, and the money necessary to build it will be subscribed by shares.

"Hamlet Revamped," by the Christ Church Choristers' Society, at the Odeon Tuesday night, April 26, will undoubtedly be the most prominent society event of "Fair Opening" week. By that time all the foreign dignitaries will have arrived in the city, and their first introduction to St. Louis society amateurs will take place that night. The cast of principals is composed of gentlemen who have been members of Christ Church Cathedral for years, with several others, new to the thespian trav-



A sudden drop. The weather has a habit of doing that these days. But the man who has a MacCarthy-Evans Top-Notch Top Coat to get on doesn't care much how much the weather "gets its habits on."

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esty. Quite remarkable will be the chorus, which will sing the ensemble numbers. This chorus is composed of forty-five members of the Cathedral choir under the direction of Prof. Darby, who will lead the entertainment. The cast is as follows:

*The Ghost of Hamlet*. Mr. C. W. Condie  
*The Ghost's Voice*. Mr. C. B. Ricketts  
*Hamlet, the Ghost's Son*. Mr. Ben Becker  
*Horatio* ..... Mr. William Porteus  
*Polonius* ..... Mr. Sam C. Black  
*Claudius* ..... Mr. Arthur J. Grote  
*Gertrude, Queen of Denmark* .....


Mr. Nat Hazard  
*Ophelia* ..... Mr. George L. Belfry

"Young Tobe Hoxie," at the Imperial Theater this week for the first time in St. Louis, is a charming pastoral play by Ernest Lamson. Mr. Lamson himself plays the title part and earns in it the rank of a star. In the character of a devoted brother, who has promised to his dying mother to watch over his sister, *Mary*, Mr. Lamson reveals that manly tenderness that should be in every good man's heart for his women folks. He never overdraws the sentiment, nor does his portrayal lack genuine warmth. Only a real artist can so effectively strike the key that convinces, and Mr. Lamson is unusually successful in this. Miss Lydia Knott, who is Mr. Lamson's leading lady, plays the part of *Mary* capably and with fine regard for the star's artistic methods. The locale of the play is a rural district in Illinois, and Chicago. The latter is so staged that a portion of it is easily recognized. "Young Tobe Hoxie" is drawing big houses at the Imperial this week.

"Deserted at the Altar," a melodrama rich in sensations, will be the next attraction at the Imperial.

Hughes and Hazleton, burlesquers of the first water, are taking off well-known classic actors at the Standard Theater this week. Their travesty on "Quo Vadis" is an excruciatingly funny specialty. It overshadows every other act in the olio. "The Bon-Tons" company have other good sketches, "The Lady Killers," and the "Bon-Tons in Sunny Spain," notably. The olio in this week's show is stronger than it has been in many a week, Kelly and Reno, and DeVaux and DeVaux being especially shining marks. Al Reeves' Company will be the next attraction at the Standard Theater.

No man who has filled the office of Vice-president has been elected to the highest place since Van Buren. Since Jackson's time, only three Presidents have been re-elected—Lincoln, Grant and McKinley—and only one, Grant, has served two full successive terms. Andrew Johnson and Theodore Roosevelt are the only Vice-Presidents who have succeeded re-elected Presidents. If Mr. Roosevelt shall be elected this fall, he will be the first Vice-President to succeed to the first office after filling out the unexpired term of a dead President; he will be the first man ever elected by the Republican party from east of the Alleghany mountains; and he will overturn a rule unbroken since



## Science vs. Chance IN COOKING

To cook a good dinner on a coal stove without marring your dinner or your temper—that's chance. Your stove might not get hot—it might get too hot—or it might get hot at the wrong time. Depends upon your "luck."

No such uncertainty about a gas range. Heat is regulated to a degree. As much as you want—and just where you want it.

Reduce your cooking to a scientific certainty—and know beforehand that when you put things in the oven they'll come out "just right"—rich, appetizing, full-flavored. There's a world of satisfaction there. No fear of failure if company comes.

COOK scientifically—in other words, abandon the out-worn, hit-or-miss methods and—

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1836. If he shall be defeated he will become an ex-President—a younger man than General Grant was when he entered upon his duties as President, the youngest man ever elected to that office—at the age of forty-six years.

### DRESS REFORMS AND COLDS

A writer in *American Medicine* asks, "What sense is there in constructing the back of a vest with a mere, thin lining?" Would he prefer a thick lining? The original vest had no lining at all, and no back. Each side of its front, right and left, was sewn to the coat, so that when the coat came off the vest came with it. Coat and vest were one garment. Evolution is responsible for their divorce, and not to make this too sudden, or apparent, tailors attached to the vest's front as light a structure as possible for a back, merely to hold it in place, and cut the arm holes so big that they would not interfere with the sleeve of the coat. A skeleton construction would be better, and somebody ought to have the brains to invent one.

The same writer, evidently a dress reformer—says: "Do tailors imagine that the spine requires less protection than any other part of the body?" Tailors do not imagine. They are incapable of imagination. That is why most of them are going out of business on their own account and working for wholesale and retail clothing houses. It is harder to find a competent tailor than a good barber. But as to the spine: It requires but little protection indeed. When a man steps out into a cold draught from a super-heated room he does not "throw open the back of his coat." He "throws open the front of

his coat." He catches cold in his chest. Plasters are applied to his chest. Goose grease is rubbed on his chest. The nape of his neck, always exposed, never suffers. His throat, always protected, always suffers. It is not the business of tailors to correct these things.—*New York Press*.

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MARCH NUMBER

contains seven color plates, with a reproduction of a Water Color by WHISTLER; and a fully illustrated article, both critical and descriptive, by CHARLES H. CAFFIN, on the Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition at Philadelphia.

John Lane, 67 5th Av., N. Y.

## NEW YORK'S ALIMONY CLUB

Ten thousand men in New York, it is estimated conservatively, are paying alimony. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, are dodging it. Ten thousand women are receiving returns from ventures in matrimony that lasted anywhere from a few days to many years, and hundreds would collect similar payments if they could. Many of these men are supporting two households. Some of them have married again and must provide for wife No. 2 as well as for wife No. 1. Others are called upon to furnish funds for the maintenance of their former wives, although these women may have become the wives of other men. The general rule of the courts is to allow the woman one-third of her husband's income as alimony, which makes the payments range from \$5 a week to \$100 or more, although the larger amount is seldom reached.

The Alimony Club of New York, as this aggregation of men is known, is one of the largest in the world and its non-resident list is a wonder. The out-of-town members are the dodgers, and these find it convenient to visit New York on Sundays, when writs in civil processes may not be served on them. They have taken up residence in neighboring States. New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, and Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, Greenwich and other cities and hamlets have what are known as alimony colonies. Human ingenuity has worn its fingers to the bone to dig up some method of remaining in the state and avoiding the payment of the sums ordered by the courts, but the only way it has found is for the erstwhile husband to go to jail periodically and purge himself of contempt of court and at the same time get rid of the burden of accrued debt. A certain inconvenience attaches to this method, however, so that recourse is seldom had to it.

The size and influence of the non-resident list of the Alimony Club has been recognized and the members are catered to by transportation companies. Not for nothing does the Pennsylvania Railroad run the "alimony train" from Philadelphia to New York on Saturday nights, landing passengers in the city

just after the stroke of midnight. Not for nothing does it start this same train homeward again just before the "witching hour" on Sunday, for it is well patronized by men whose business keeps them away during six days and permits them "to blow in for a sniff of New York" only once a week.

"Whenever you see a man in the theater district looking often at his watch late on Sunday night," said a railroad man, "you may know he is a member of the Alimony Club. He is giving himself until the last minute before starting for the ferry. You never can get one of them to forget the hour."

Not for nothing are suburban trains and ferryboats of other lines run at the same hours, for the alimony colonies along the lines are deserted from Saturday evening to Monday morning.

One former resident of New York who lives in Philadelphia makes this trip every week. As soon as the decree was given against him he packed up his belongings, wound up his business interests and hied him away. But he could not cut the social ties that bound him to the glittering district of Upper Broadway, so he returns to it when the streets are clear of deputy sheriffs.

Another man whose home is in the same city makes the trip two or three times a month, but he never knows whether he will get back. He is far in his former wife's debt and she is anxious to collect from him. She knows of his visits to New York and has obtained an order for him to show cause why he should not be committed for contempt. Every Sunday night a man with the order is waiting at the ferry station, hoping the debtor will miss a car or forget to look at his watch, so he will arrive after the midnight hour. Any little accident, and the man from Philadelphia will remain in New York for an indefinite period.

A third man moved to Newark after the judgment of the court was given. He could not give up his business interests, so he keeps in close touch with them throughout the week by telephone and comes to his office on Sunday and goes over the week's transaction.

In the colony in Greenwich is a man who directs his business by proxy. Full reports are taken to him every night by a clerk and he sends his orders back by the same messenger. The method is slow and not altogether satisfactory, he says, but it is better than paying alimony.

One class in particular that is on the non-resident list of the Alimony Club is the actor's. Many a player foregoes engagements in New York because he will not, or cannot, obey the mandate of the court that he hand over to his former wife a part of his stipend. Chief among these men was Robert Mantell. For ten years he was absent from the city because of a decree issued in 1891, and he returned this season only when the death of the wife who had divorced him canceled his liability. The award in the Mantell case stands among the large ones on record, Judge Beach allowing \$5,000 a year. Another large award was that made in the case of Mrs. Annette B. Wetmore, now Mrs. Markoe, against William B. Wetmore. That was for \$6,000.

R. L. MAUPIN, President.

PROGRESS OF

J. A. NORTON, Secretary.

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\$145,354.02  
January 1, 1903.  
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April 1, 1903.  
\$237,279.39

July 1, 1903.  
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October 1, 1903.  
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Highest on the list, however, is the case of W. E. D. Stokes of the Ansonia. The referee advised an allowance of \$12,000 a year. A compromise for a lump sum was made later, as is done in the majority of cases where the allowance is large and the man is wealthy. In cases such as that of W. K. Vanderbilt a division of property is made in lieu of alimony.

Ludlow Street jail at times contains delegations from the Alimony Club, although at present none of that class is on the jailer's list. They come in bunches. Most of them are unwilling inmates, men without money who have been unfortunate enough to be caught, but occasionally one will spend a few months in retreat as a matter of principle. One man who expected his former wife to take harsh proceedings against him got into the habit of going to the sheriff's office to ask if a writ for him had been issued. Time and again he was disappointed, and each time he had arranged his business so he could spend a few months in jail without injuring those interests. The result was he got careless. One day when he had not made arrangements for a vacation he went to the sheriff with his usual question. He was astounded to find the writ waiting for him and begged for a little time. The sheriff told him how gladly he would accommodate him, but the law was urgent, so the man went to jail. He refused to make any settlement and served his time. When he got out he was happy in the consciousness of a principle defended.

In most cases, however, a few hours in the not overly luxurious quarters provided by the county are enough to per-

suaude the alimony debtor he had better pay up.

"The only way to avoid paying alimony," said "Manny" Friend, the lawyer, "is to keep out of the jurisdiction of the court. It may be inconvenient, but it is safe."

Fifty decrees of divorce are granted each week in New York on the average, so that the growth of both the active and the non-resident lists of the Alimony Club is assured for all time to come unless the law-makers of the State or the nation shall find some other method of dealing with husbands and wives who find their ways of living incompatible.—*New York Press.*

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Paint will please  
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POLITICS

PRIMARY VOTE TO DATE.

The result of the balloting in the counties on the Missouri governorship to-day is as follows:

Counties.	Folk.	Reed.	Hawes.
Cole	5		
Stoddard	5		
Clay	7		
Worth	2		
Caldwell	3		
McDonald	3		
Henry	8		
Warren	1		
Cooper	6		
Jefferson	6		
Marion	3		
Scott	3		
Webster	3		
Taney	2		
Ozark	1		
Holt	4		
Gentry	5		
Clinton	5		
Atchison	4		
Benton	3		
Butler	3		
Randolph		8	
Crawford		3	
Oregon	4		
Vernon	9		
Dunklin	5		
Schuyler	3		
Ray		7	
St. Louis County		8	
St. Louis City	10		*111
Reynolds	2		
Howell	4		
Mississippi	3		
New Madrid		3	
Newton	6		
Carter	2		
Carroll		7	
Platte		6	
Livingston		5	
Dallas	2		
Totals	132	33	125

\*Contested.  
Uninstructed—Grundy county, 3 delegates.  
Number of delegates in State convention.....710  
Necessary to nominate.....356



## A STRIKE

It is astonishing how thoroughly organized labor unions have become. Even your liver belongs to a Union and unless you treat it in the most careful and considerate manner it goes on a strike. You don't have to wait for a walking delegate to tell you that your liver has quit work; there are plenty of unmistakable signs. Your skin becomes sallow, you wake in the morning with a dull headache, and a bad taste in your mouth. Your tongue is coated and your breath is bad. You have an acute touch of the "Don't Care" feeling and when the Union's committee of three, Biliousness, Constipation and Headache call on you, you try to put them off with a little calomel. In such cases temporization is dangerous. Settle the trouble at once with a

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The palatable and sparkling Laxative Water that acts directly on the liver, strengthens the stomach, stimulates the kidneys and relieves all of the distressing symptoms of biliousness.

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First race at 2:30 p. m. Six races daily. Finest steeplechase course in the country.

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## LINCOLN TRUST COMPANY'S SUCCESS.

"Nothing succeeds like success." This saying was never better illustrated than it has been in the business of the Lincoln Trust Company. This concern has sprung into prominence with wonderful bounds, and its strength and sound management are daily attracting to it immense new business. Its resources to-day are more than \$8,306,740.30, and are constantly growing. Many of the leading citizens and business men of St. Louis are interested in the company, and are lending their aid to make it the foremost trust company of St. Louis. The Lincoln is conducted along safe business lines; no reckless speculation is indulged, and it has the advantage of the best advisers and shrewdest men in the mercantile life of the city. It transacts a general trust business, pays interest on all deposits, and has safe deposit vaults the equal of any in the city.

## PARTI-COLORED BOOTS

One of the freaks of fashion, as observed these days is the number and variety of colored boots worn by women. These are not of the ordinary tan shades, though there is a strong "revival" of tan boots and shoes; the freakiness is shown in the wearing of such colors as red and mocha brown. Another variation of this colored boot fad is seen when the stroller catches glimpses of patent leather boots with white cloth uppers. That this expensive whim has come to stay for at least as long a time as most whims retain life is shown by the windows of the fashionable shoe shops. There the colored foot-wear blossoms forth in such variety as to make the spots fair rivals to the windows of florists' shops.—*New York Press.*

It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.

A farmer once came into a Connecticut tavern with eggs to sell. The transaction took place in the bar-room of the establishment. The proprietor agreed to take two dozen, and when the former came to count over the contents of his basket, he found that he had twenty-five eggs. The proprietor wanted the extra egg thrown in for good measure. The farmer didn't see it that way, and they argued the matter. At last the proprietor said he'd take the twenty-five eggs, give the man a drink, and call it square. The farmer agreed, and pock-

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## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,  
Charles Frohman  
presents  
**Maude Adams**  
in Mrs. Frances Hodgson  
Burnett's Play  
"THE PRETTY SIS-  
TER OF JOSE"  
Reg. Mat. Saturday

NEXT MONDAY  
Reserved Seats Thurs  
Charles Frohman  
will present  
**Annie Russell**  
in  
**MICE AND MEN**

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK,  
**The Bostonians**  
With Barnabee and  
MacDonald  
Thursday night,  
**ROBIN HOOD**  
Friday and Sat. nights  
and Sat. matinee  
**THE SERENADE**

Next Sunday Night,  
Reserved Seats Thurs  
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Next Sunday Matinee, April 17th and week.

"DESERTED AT THE ALTAR"

A play for mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts.  
Next—"SANDY BOTTOM"

eted his money." Now, what'll you have?" asked the proprietor. The Yankee farmer was ready with his reply. "Sherry and egg," said he.

Senator Tillman was expounding on the efficacy of mildness in a debate, and to illustrate his views told of a man who turned to a stranger in a theater and raised a violent row because the other had sat on his silk hat and ruined it. The offender looked at the hat, which was truly a wreck, and said: "I am sorry. This is too bad. But," he added, "it might have been worse." "How might it have been worse?" exclaimed the first man, with an oath. "Well," was the unexpected answer, given so mildly that it placated the owner of the tile, "I might have sat on my own hat."

## GERMAN THEATER

"ODEON"  
Heinemann & Welb - - - - - Managers  
TO-NIGHT, Benefit of Max Agerty,  
"MUTTER UND SOHN"  
(Mother and Son)  
Bruno - - - - - Mr. Agerty  
NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT, APRIL 17,  
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"MADAME SANS-GENE"  
First Time in St. Louis German Theatre  
Napoleon - - - - - Mr. Welb  
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All Seats Reserved

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Mats.  
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Night Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c.  
**Mr. James K. Hackett**  
in his new Semi-Satirical Romantic Fantasy  
**THE CROWN PRINCE**  
By George H. Broadhurst.  
Next Sunday Matinee—MURRAY and MACK  
in "A Night on Broadway."

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The Home of Folly.  
THIS WEEK,  
**The**  
**Bon-Ton**  
**Burlesquers**  
Two Frolics Daily.  
NEXT WEEK,  
**Al Reeve's**  
**Big Beauty**  
**Show**



## WHEN WOMAN PROPOSES

Scene: Regent street, at a fashionable resort for afternoon tea.

Characters: Miss Camilla Saffers, twenty-four; American; rich; handsome, or at any rate imposing. Miss Lucy Pentelow, twenty; English; abhors Miss Saffers, whom she considers vulgar, but would not miss a ball at the Saffers' on any account.

CAMILLA—What bit of luck to have met you! I should have had to have tea alone. Fancy coming across you at Micheline's! I thought you bought your hats at Jeanne's?

LUCY—It depends. I saw something I liked in the window.

CAMILLA—Micheline's is awfully chic. (Taking stock of Lucy's appearance.) That's a duck of a dress you're wearing. No wonder you're engaged.

LUCY—(coloring)—How do you know?

CAMILLA—Oh, I know. Somebody told me at the Hammersley's dinner. Appears it's a secret? You English are so close. Won't you tell me who it is?

LUCY—I can't very well just yet. There are things to be settled. Besides, it wouldn't interest you.

CAMILLA—It would. I'm frightfully interested in engagements. (Pushing back her plate) I don't think much of these petits fours. Fact is, I'm going to marry.

LUCY—(smiling)—Of course you are.

CAMILLA—(seriously)—I must marry, mustn't I? In my position—I've been thinking for a long while, but it was only last week that I made up my mind. You see, it's a tricky business.

LUCY—Tricky?

CAMILLA—It's slang, I know, but it meets the situation. What I mean is there is nothing so easy as making a mess of marriage, and that is just what I intend to avoid doing. Haven't you found it a fearfully worrying affair, choosing a husband?

LUCY—One usually gets chosen.

CAMILLA—That's not my idea at all. My experience is that one is always chosen by impossible people. I've had heaps of offers, as you may imagine; but I could never have thought for a single moment of accepting a single one of the men who have proposed to me.

LUCY—Not a single one? You have accepted the man you are going to marry?

CAMILLA—Have I, though? I haven't. The man I am going to marry hasn't proposed to me yet. Indeed, I don't believe he has the faintest idea as yet that he's going to marry me. You see, as I told you, I only made up my mind last week, and it so happens that I haven't seen him since.

LUCY—And when you see him? Do you intend doing the proposing yourself?

CAMILLA—Not point blank. He's English, and he might think it funny. Still, it will amount to something of the sort when all's said and done. I shall have to give him a strong hint.

LUCY—And if he doesn't take it?

CAMILLA (in genuine astonishment)—My dear, he has all his wits about him. I shouldn't have chosen him if he hadn't. It would be really too amusing if with

my looks and my money I couldn't have the husband I wanted!

LUCY—(Always with an eye to the Saffers' dances)—Of course, he will be very lucky.

CAMILLA—I should think he will (still a little nettled). I've a square million, you know, straight off, and I don't pretend to imagine that I'm precisely hideous. One oughtn't to say these sort of things, but after all—between ourselves—what does it matter? I don't believe in beating about the bush and pretending that butter won't melt in your mouth. I believe in a girl knowing her own value. (Breaking off at a tangent)—D'you know, Lucy, you're just the sort of a girl who'd throw herself away.

LUCY—I'm quite satisfied.

CAMILLA—Of course you are, dear; but the question is whether you ought to be satisfied. Until you have told me his name I can't say.

LUCY—(laughing)—I think I shall have your approval.

CAMILLA—I hope so. It would be a shame to waste yourself. I shouldn't wonder when my marriage is known if some of our set don't say I've wasted myself. If you were I would you stick out for a title?

LUCY—There are other things more important.

CAMILLA—That's what I think. I haven't chosen a title. It seems to me that a man with a title would always be wanting to play the superior being, and that wouldn't suit me at all. I've thought it all out and the man I have settled on will do very well. He's rather a humdrum, slow-going creature, but I don't care about showy men. A man ought to be proud of his wife, but I have never felt any necessity to be proud of my husband. Besides, at bottom he's a thoroughly sensible fellow. I mean him to go into Parliament, and I've no doubt he'll end up a Cabinet Minister.

LUCY—Is he good looking?

CAMILLA—Very presentable. But he wears a beard he'll have to cut off.

LUCY—(pensively)—A beard?

CAMILLA—Horrible, isn't it? I abominate the things. They make a man look so Frenchified. But this is almost the only thing I don't like about him, and it can easily be remedied. He has lots of qualities; he looks good-tempered, there is no nonsense about him, I shouldn't think he'll be absurdly affectionate, he's pretty rich, and, besides, he's an only son.

LUCY—An only son—and a beard?

CAMILLA—Well, what is there extraordinary about that?

LUCY (turning rather pale and then very red)—Some one I know—

CAMILLA—Oh, you know him! I don't mind telling you his name. I'm not like you and I should like to hear what you think of him. It's Dick Ferrersby.

LUCY (with a little scream)—Mr. Ferrersby!

CAMILLA—Yes. What are you so excited about?

LUCY (defiantly)—I'm engaged to Mr. Ferrersby!

(a silence.)

CAMILLA (after staring at Lucy in ut-

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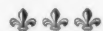
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ter amazement)—Well, that's pretty rough luck, if you like.

LUCY (triumphantly)—I haven't thrown myself away, you see!

CAMILLA—It's most provoking. (After a pause.) Fortunately I've got a second string.



## THE CHINESE SERVANT

Owing to the increasing scarcity of domestic servants in many of the big cities many more householders than one might imagine have taken to employing Chinamen. Mrs Dash, having parted with her well trained man, engaged Wing Chow and instructed him diligently. One afternoon, to test him, she disguised herself, rang her own doorbell and inquired if Mrs. Dash was at home. "Yes, home all lightee," replied Wing Chow. "Come in dlawing loom, I findee she." Mrs. Dash seated herself and waited—waited so long that she became uneasy, and was about to rise and seek her pupil, when the front doorbell rang. Wing Chow did not appear in response and the bell rang again. Mrs. Dash hastened to open it, and was confronted by the Celestial. "I pletty fine man!" he exclaimed with a delightful grin. "You foolee me; next come my turn, I foolee you."

After Wing Chow had studied at a Sunday school and become a member of a church he decorated his remarks with Scriptural phrases. He grew dissatisfied and pleaded for an increase of wages. "You vely lich woman, I vely poor man," he explained, "money I wish you more give me." Mrs. Dash rejected the plea, and Wing Chow appeared to submit. But on the following morning, when the

good woman entered her dining room, though the room had been swept, the table laid in perfect order, there was no Wing Chow. Beneath a plate the perplexed mistress found a note, which read as follows: "You vely lich woman; I vely poor man. I ask you more money; you givee me none. O Lamb of God, I go."—Lippincott's Magazine.



"Do you use a safety razor, Sambo?" asked the boss.

"Well, sah, in time of peace it may be a safety razor, sah, but in time of war it is pow'ful dangerous, sah."



Why He Lost Out: "Darling," he said, "your many charms intoxicate me." "That settles it," replied the practical maid; "I'll never marry you."

"Why not, dearest?" he asked.

"Because," she replied, "if what you say is true, you'd be drunk all the time."—Chicago News.

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# WHAT SHALL HE WEAR

We hate to have to answer a question like this, which ought to be submitted to the Grand Master of the Wardrobe and Lord High Commissioner of Clothes, our old friend, Professor Beaunash of the Providence Journal.

NEW YORK, March 14.—*To the Editor of The Sun*—Sir:—What should a man wear Sunday night—a dress suit, tuxedo, frock coat or cutaway?

SARTOR RESARTUS.

Let us premise that we are liberal opportunists in these matters, whereas Professor Beaunash is an absolutist. He sticks to what he regards as the eternal proprieties. He would disinherit his own son for calling "evening clothes" or "dress clothes" or "evening dress" a "dress suit;" and "dress suit case" is an expression which gives him physical as well as moral pain. He lives on the sincere milk of clothes philosophy, and we applaud and revere his principles. But in a wicked and cynical town, in the red glare of lobsters and lobster palaces, where the sober weeds of night are called too often and too frivolously "glad rags," there must be some deflection from the narrow path of truth, some compromise with powers of darkness.

Now to business. What should a man, a New York man, wear of a Sunday night? Here temporal considerations come in. If a man is bound to be healthy, wealthy and wise, he will wear pajamas or a nightshirt at the usual hour on Sunday night. Before he seeks the seclusion that a bed or folding bed grants, he should wear, if he chooses, evening clothes between, say, 6 p. m. and the shank of the evening or morning. Brooklynites and "commuters" can put 'em on at 4 p. m. There was a time, we believe, when some pious or conservative citizens would not don their week-night uniform on Sunday night. This sacrifice to Puritanism is no longer exacted, and the custom of wearing evening clothes every night has grown enormously. At the same time, it is nothing in the United States to what it is in Great Britain. On a steamer in the Indian Ocean or in his lonely bungalow in the rains, the Englishman of "a certain class," or who would be thought to belong to it, shrouds him in solemn togs.

In this country the custom has curious democratic-republican modifications and variations, and adapts itself to "the genius of our institutions." The so-called "dinner coat," the "Tuxedo," if we may say so with the peace of Professor Beaunash, has spread like the plague. It has left the domestic interior, the billiard room and the smoking room, and flaunts itself in all sorts of places where it doesn't belong. It's a wretched little monkey-jacket, a curial pomp. If a man "dresses" for evening, why doesn't he do it, and not slip on a waiter's jacket? So the virtuous tell us; and at first blush there seems something ridiculous in this black abbreviation and abomination. Look at a lot of men, tailless anthropoids, sprawling lugubriously on the sofas and easy chairs of some "winter resort" or "summer resort" hotel. They seem to belong

to the realms of negro minstrelsy. Yet great is the "dinner coat," and it will prevail. The "sack" coat is the American badge, the symbol of equality, the one democratic, constitutional, free and easy wear. The "dinner coat" is the "sack" applied, altered, opened. One rules the day, the other the night. So, much as æsthetic reasons make us loathe that black dwarf, the future may be his.

As to the "frock coat," aside from its connotations of weddings and funerals and similar solemnities, it has the virtue of covering a multitude of sins. Notice that it is the last refuge of the shabby genteel. "St! Don't say a word," said a beggar of our acquaintance whom we congratulated on being much more imposingly arrayed than his almoner; "I have a hole in me 'pants.'" The frock coat has its uses, as other dark things have, and is still dear, we suppose, to the thrippenny 'bus young man. It has moral value, too, and does good to the wearer. If Cain had had a frock coat, he would never have been so severe to his brother. The frock coat is distinctly ethical, almost a means of grace; and not more than two or three men fortified by it have gone off with our umbrella. Of a Sunday night it may at least persuade your particular sweet-and-twenty that you went to church in the morning.

The "cutaway," however borne upon the back of vogue at any time, is rather raffish. No trust can be put in "cutaways." They have nothing of the severe front, the unexceptional moral tone, the diaconal austerity, the Turveydrop-on-a-Sunday face of the frock coat.

Perhaps our anxious friend had better dress as he pleases seven nights in a week. He may depend upon it that no matter how hard he strives to keep abreast of the mode, he can't do it. By the time Tom, Dick and Harry get the fashion, the few but earnest souls who devote their lives to it have something new.—*New York Sun*.



## AT THE RAINBOW'S END

"Several years ago," said an old actor, "Richard Mansfield and I were traveling together with a company in North Carolina. Hard luck followed us everywhere we went, and salaries were long overdue.

"Let's disband," three or four members suggested.

"Wait until we get to Raleigh," pleaded Mansfield. "We always play to big business there." And he exhibited a telegram received from the manager of the opera house, which said that every seat in the house had been sold.

"This hint cheered the disheartened company, and all went to Raleigh with light hearts. Arriving at the station, most of the company scrambled inside an omnibus. Mansfield and I mounted the seat with the driver and studied the landscape.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Mansfield exclaimed, and I nodded my head.

"And the sunset—it's simply grand," he continued.

"Sunset?" repeated the driver. "Where's any sunset?"

"Why, over there," said Mansfield, pointing to a red glare on the horizon.



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"That's no sunset," replied the driver with a look of disgust on his face. "That's the op-ry house burning down."—*New York Press*.



## MORE THAN HE COULD AFFORD

*The Sister*—Why don't you get possession of that girl? She is as pretty as a picture.

*The Brother*—The frame is too expensive.—*Life*.



"When a man sits down an' begins to congratulate his se'f on bein' so good," said Uncle Eben, "is de time dat Satan begins to look him over to see if he's 'bout ripe enough to pick."—*Ex*.



"I believe," said the old gentleman with the tall brow, "that every man can do something to make the world better, if he only takes the trouble to find out how to go about it." "Do you, indeed?" replied the young man, who had just

been saying that he never wore a pair of trousers more than three times, and that his clothes cost him \$12,000 a year. "What would you suppose I, for instance, could do to make the world better?" "For you the thing would be easy. You would only have to jump from some bridge."



"Mister Jedge," called out the colored witness, after he had been on the stand a full hour, "kin I say one word, suh?" "Yes," replied the judge; "what is it?" "Hit's des dis, suh; ef you'll des make de lawyers set down en keep still two minutes, en gimme a livin' chance, I'll whirl in en tell de truth."—*Atlanta Constitution*.



"But," she protested, "Adam wasn't contented without a wife." "Perhaps not," rejoined the old bachelor, "but at that stage of the game he didn't know anything of good or evil."—*Chicago Daily News*.



# THE STOCK MARKET

Trading in Wall street continues uncertain and unsatisfactory. Spells of superficial strength and weakness followed each other in quick succession in the past week. Commission houses generally report a slight gain in speculative orders from outsiders and manipulators are doing their best to make things as interesting and attractive as possible. The cliques are woefully in need of the "dear public." Without the latter's supporting power the market has no stability. As long as the public does not return to Wall street and participate in speculation *en masse*, trading will contain neither charm nor profit for the plungers and promoters.

Later, all the multifarious artful devices comprised in the repertoire of Wall street were resorted to in the attempt to regain the outsider's favor and confidence. One stock after the other was taken in hand, jack-screwed up a few points, and then abandoned for another of like character and pliability. Under cover of this clumsily ingenious stratagem a good deal of quiet, though none the less insistent liquidation was carried on in various prominent quarters. What the writer of this has repeatedly been asserting in the last two months in regard to present trading still remains true: Manipulation is in favor of higher prices. This may be inferred with ease from the very simple fact that stocks are now going up on good news just as readily as they used to go down on bad news some months ago. The cliques are making judicious, instant use of the most trifling news or factor favoring their side.

It cannot be gainsaid that, for the time being, the general speculative situation is more auspicious for the bull than the bear side. The very absence of powerfully adverse factors makes for a resumption of bullish activity. This time of the year is, as a rule, transitional in all spheres of business. Crops are still a relatively unknown quantity; in commerce and finance things are in a decidedly formative and somewhat puzzling shape. There is comparative calm and confidence in money markets; brokers are making their loans for months to come, being attracted by lower rates and probabilities of a rising market, the speculative disposition in the spring being almost invariably glad-some and hopeful of better things to arrive by and by.

If the public responds liberally to inducements now being held out, the bull cliques may succeed in lifting prices considerably above the current level. They will not be deterred by the vacation-taking of some prominent financiers and leaders of speculation. The

mere fact that Morgan has gone to Europe does not preclude the possibility of a bull movement during his absence. There have been roaring, "hot" bull markets in Wall street at the very time the gruff financier was "letting himself go" at Aix les Bains and other Riviera resorts. Whether prices are to go up or down, or to remain stationary, in the next two months, depends altogether upon the outside contingent. Later, symptoms have not been lacking that the appetite for speculative trading is once more on the rise. There are thousands upon thousands of "lamb" who have been accumulating fine, thick wool in the past six months. These may be said to be just about "right for the market." The syndicates know this full well. They realize that savings are constantly accumulating, and that the possessors thereof cannot be kept long from employing it riskily in some way or other.

The last quarterly statement of earnings given out by the United States Steel Corporation was made much of by the bull crowd. It served to advance the quotations for the shares of the trust and many other industrial and railroad issues quite perceptibly. After a careful scanning of the figures, the writer of this confesses himself unable to see how the statement could be bullishly interpreted. The shares went up, it would seem, chiefly because the regular quarterly dividend of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  per cent was again declared on the preferred stock. As this action had been anticipated right along by all who make a point of looking below the surface of things, one is driven to conclude that the majority of traders took the directors' action as a guarantee of an indefinite maintenance of dividends and a speedy and material improvement in the iron and steel business. This kind of jollification, though dangerously tenuous reasoning may be borne out by future developments, but for the present it is rendered ridiculous by the fact that the directors of the trust were again compelled to take a large amount from the surplus on hand to make up the quarterly rate on the preferred shares. In other words, the full dividend was not earned in the last three months, just as it was not earned in the December quarter. At the same time, a sharp reduction was made in the amount set aside for depreciation and repairs. The directors may have done the right thing, yet from this distance their action does not look warranted. Perhaps they again declared the regular dividend on the convenient maxim that of two evils it is best to choose the less. From their own and their stockholders' standpoint, a divi-

dend reduction would have been, for, temporarily at least, the greater evil by a large majority. The directors are in a difficult position, beyond doubt, and they may, therefore, be forgiven if they do not stick to very conservative or laudable principles of financing.

The loans and deposits of the Associated Banks continue to mount higher and higher. It is hard to determine just what the cause of this queer banking phenomenon is. No two critics are agreed in their explanations. Sterling exchange remains close to the gold-exporting point. The total shipments of gold abroad, so far, aggregate more than \$4,000,000. They are offset, however, by arrivals of gold from Japan. It is generally believed that further shipments will have to be made, some estimating the total to go between now and July 1st at \$20,000,000.

Nothing new can be stated in regard to the railroad situation in the Northwest. Both sides seem to be determined to maintain their views and demands, "Jim" Hill indulged in some rather significantly defiant words the other day, when questioned as to wheth-

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er the Harriman suit was to be looked upon as a friendly action. Legally considered, Harriman's position appears untenable. A strict enforcement of his wishes would result in a railroad combination just as violative of the law of the land, as laid down by the Supreme Court, as was the Northern Securities Company.

In London, speculative matters are brightening up a bit. Consols are higher, and money is very easy. In Paris, also, the feeling on the Bourse is improving. But scant attention is being paid to the boresome war in the Orient. The European speculator encourages himself with the thought that everything has already been discounted. Financial philosophy seems to be grow-

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ST. LOUIS.

Under call of Secretary of State, at the close of business, March 28, 1904.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans .....	\$ 8,906,853.68	Capital .....	\$ 3,000,000.00
Bonds and Stocks .....	9,555,660.03	Surplus .....	3,500,000.00
Real Estate .....	521,017.74	Undivided Profits .....	1,824,755.39
Overdrafts .....	696.39	Deposits .....	14,793,786.64
Safety Deposit Vaults .....	72,000.00	All Other Liabilities .....	177,879.80
Cash and Exchange .....	4,229,080.68		
All Other Resources .....	11,113.31		
	<b>\$23,296,421.83</b>		<b>\$23,296,421.83</b>

JULIUS S. WALSH, President.  
BRECKINRIDGE JONES, Vice-Pres.

JOHN D. DAVIS, Vice-President.  
JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.



# STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE LINCOLN TRUST CO.,

At the Close of Business March 28, 1904.

RESOURCES.	
Time Loans .....	\$2,664,705.97
Bonds and Stocks .....	2,976,433.00
Overdrafts .....	2,581.88
Real Estate .....	41,376.98
Safe Deposit Vaults .....	34,000.00
Other Resources .....	128,092.16
Call Loans .....	\$1,500,427.84
Cash on hand and in banks .....	959,122.47
	<u>2,459,550.31</u>
	\$8,306,740.30

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock .....	\$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits .....	1,741,038.47
Reserved for Interest and Taxes .....	45,983.46
Other Liabilities .....	3,660.14
Mortgage Trust Bonds .....	1,020,500.00
Deposits .....	<u>3,495,558.23</u>
	\$8,306,740.30

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Vice-President Roberts, Johnson & Rand Shoe Co.  
A. O. RULE,  
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ing more cheerful in its views on both sides of the Atlantic. Let's hope that nothing may occur soon to give it another bad jar. According to the late expressions of the noted French economic critic, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the European financial position is distinctly weak and wobbly. It has too many artificial props and is ominously anæmic withal. The Frenchman ought to know what he's talking about, but may be wrong this time. Let's hope he is.

### LOCAL SECURITIES.

On the local stock exchange proceedings are still tame and tedious. Transactions in the past week have been few and far between. In consequence, prices are but little changed. There is little disposition to trade on either side. In some stocks the buyers and sellers are wide apart. Most of the quotations are nominal. The local market still waits for the signal from New York. In the bond department trading is as apathetic and perfunctory as it is in the other. The investor is a *rara avis* these vernal days.

Bank of Commerce sold at 287 lately, and Boatmen's at 235. The latter stock is well thought of by careful critics. For Third National 280 is bid, 290 asked. Missouri Trust is offered at 114½, St. Louis Union Trust at 315, Title Guaranty at 60, Merchants-Laclede at 290. For South Side Bank 157½ is bid, for Mechanics' National 266.

St. Louis Transit is slightly higher. The last sale was made at 12. United Railways preferred is steady around 54,

at which it is now offered. The 4 per cent bonds rule very dull at 80½.

For National Candy 1st preferred 90 is bid, while the common is offering at 14¾, and the second preferred at 83. Laclede Gas common is offering at 100. For Central Coal & Coke preferred 71¼ is bid, the common is offered at 60½. Brewing 6s are quoted at 95 bid, East St. Louis & Suburban 5s at 96 bid and Laclede 5s at 106½ bid. St. Louis City 3.65s are offering at 101½.

Money is in fair demand. Bank clearances continue to show gains from week to week. Sterling exchange is strong. The last quotation was \$4.88. Money is still flowing eastward. Drafts on New York are at a high premium.

### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Subscriber, Atchison, Kan.—Never heard of such a concern. Stock not listed. Therefore, cannot give any quotations. Better make careful inquiry. Looks like a rank swindle.

X. Y. Z.—Would hold Boatmen's. Keep out of Granite-Bimetallic. Just a gamble. Nothing in sight to bull it on. Pay no attention to the recurrent fake rumors.

L. U., Ft. Worth, Tex.—You might hold Texas & Pacific for a while. Stock should have a good rally, in case rest of the list does not give way. Do not think much of Kansas City Southern preferred at the present time. Too spasmodic in its movements. Its present price does not look unwarrantably high. When proper time comes, should move up sharply.

Ellis, Springfield, O.—Would hold Peoria & Eastern incomes. Have had a good reaction. Consider them fair speculation. Louisville & Nashville not much of a speculative attraction.

D. W. O'B.—Glad you followed my advice and held your Continental Tobacco 4s. Reading 4s not tempting under prevailing conditions. St. Paul common should be held.

A \$5,000 cigar for ten cents may mean \$5,000 in gold for you. Ask your dealer.

### SWEET INNOCENCE

She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter.

The clerk remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before as he came forward to meet her. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said:—

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Charlie so much."

"Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like it, I will put a few drops of violet extract on the telegram at the same rates."

"Oh, thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it."

I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office, you are so obliging."

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To estimate the number of paid admissions to the Exposition on this day will require considerable skill, yet will afford no little interest, inasmuch as the sum of Five Thousand Dollars will be paid to the person making the correct or nearest correct estimate. Should there be more than one correct or nearest correct estimate, this sum will be equally divided between the persons making such estimates.

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